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THE

SONGS OF SCOTLAND,

ANCIENT AND MODERN;

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

Historical and Critical,

AND

CHARACTERS OF THE LYRIC POETS.

He sang
Old songs, the product of his native hills;
A skilful distribution of sweet sounds,
Opening from land to land an easy way
By melody and by the charm of verse.
WORDSWORTH.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM,
AUTHOR OF SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL, TRADITIONAL TALES, ETC.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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SCOTTISH SONGS.

HAME NEVER CAME HE.

SADDLED and bridled,
And booted, rode he,
A plume in his helmet,
A sword at his knee;
But toom came the saddle,
All bloody to see,
And hame came his steed,
But hame never came he.

Down came his grey father,
Sobbing fu' sair;
Down came his auld mother,
Tearing her hair.
Down came his sweet wife,
Wi' bonnie bairns three,
Ane at her bosom,
And twa at her knee.

There stood his fleet steed,
All foaming and hot;
There shriek'd his sweet wife,
And sank on the spot.
There stood his gray father,
Weeping fu' free,
For hame came his steed,
But hame never came he.

Eight lines of this song may be found in Finlay's collection of ballads. My friend Mr. Yellowlees had the kindness to communicate two old and clever verses: one gives a name to the unfortunate hero.

High upon highlands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rode out on a day.

The other contains a very moving image of domestic desolation:

My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn;
My barn is to build,
And my babe is unborn.

I have not tried to graft these verses upon the song. By conferring a name on the hero, much of the romantic charm would be removed; and the words ascribed to the young widow are rather too full of worldly care to correspond with the sorrow of the father and the mother.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

Jenny's a' wat poor lassie,
  Jenny's seldom dry;
She's draggled a' her petticoat,
  Coming through the rye.
Nae moon was shining in the lift,
  And ne'er a body nigh;
What gaur'd ye weet yere petticoat,
  Coming through the rye?

Gin a body meet a body
  Coming through the broom;
Gin a body kiss a body,
  Need a body gloom.
Yestreen I met a cannie lad,
  A flowery bank was nigh,
I lay a blink, and counted stars,
  And what the waur am I.

Gin a body meet a body
  Coming through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body,
  Need the parish ken.
I loe a bonnie lad o'er weel
  To let him wail and sigh;
A kiss is aye a kindlie thing,
  And what the waur am I.

I know of no song, with the exception of Johnie Cope, which has so many variations as "Coming through the rye." Some are decorous and discreet, and some are free and gross, while others unite these two characters in a very curious manner. The heroine, indeed, seems to care as little about exposing her person to the evening dews, as she regards the fruits of the earth. I have ever observed that the Scottish peasantry have a great regard for corn and all manner of crops; and to tread them wantonly down, or make idle roads through them, is deemed a destruction of "God's gude living." In this feeling Jenny seems not to have shared. Of the many variations a specimen may be given:

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Gin a body meet a body
Coming frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell?

I see that in the Museum a copy containing much that is old is ascribed to Burns. I know not on what authority it is imputed to him. Ignorance has often put my favourite poet into coarse company.

MY LOVER HAS LEFT ME.

My lover has left me,
  Wot ye the cause why?
He has gowd, he has mailens—
  No mailens have I;
But whether I win him,
  Or wear him, or no,
I can give a sigh for him,
  And e'en let him go.

His flocks may all perish,
  His gowd may all flee,
Then his new love will leave him
  As he has left me.
O, meeting is pleasure,
  And sundering is grief;
But a faithless lover
  Is worse than a thief.

A thief will but rob me,
  Take all that I have,
But a faithless lover
  Brings ane to their grave:
The grave it will rot me,
  And bring me to dust—
O! an inconstant lover
  May woman ne'er trust!

I cannot find an older copy of this touching song than that printed in Johnson's Musical Museum, yet I am certain that the larger portion of it is very old. Like all old lyrics, it may have been injured or improved during its oral transmission through several ages, till it found sanctuary in Johnson. I wish I could know if the chorus, which is at open variance with the sense and feeling of the song, has always belonged to it. Only imagine the pathetic complaint of the forsaken maiden mixed up with such lines as these:

Whether I get him, whether I get him,
Whether I get him or no—
I care not three farthings
Whether I get him or no.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Cauld sweeps the wind frae east to west,
The drift drives sharp and sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly:
O, up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When Criffel puts on her hood o' snaw,
It maun be winter fairly.

Some love the din o' the dancer's feet,
To the music leaping rarely;
Some love the kiss and the stolen word,
Wi' the lass that loves them dearly;
But I love best the weel-made bed,
Spread warm, and feal, and fairly,
For up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early.

O, spring-time is a pleasant time,
When green the grass is growing;
And summer it is sweeter still,
When sun-warm streams are flowing;
But winter it is thrice as sweet,
When frosts bite sharp and sairly,
Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early.

The thrush sits chittering on the thorn,
The sparrow dines but sparely;
The crow longs for the time o' corn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
The plough stands frozen in the fur',
And down the snow comes rarely—
Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early.

The air of these words is old, and so is much of the song. Burns trimmed it for the Museum; and since that

period it has been augmented by other hands. The idea of the song is very original, and some parts of the execution felicitous. A peasant of Nithsdale once expressed to me his horror at braving a winter morning, in very poetical language. "Snow, the inspired man sings, is beautiful in its season. It was nought for him, sitting with his lasses and his wine, to say sae: had he been a dry stane diker, he would have said nae sic thing. As for me, I never see snaw at my windöw but I lang to fa' asleep again; and I never wish to step o'er the door stane till I am sure I can set my foot on the bloom of three gowans."

MAGGIE LAUDER.

Wha wadnae be in love
  Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder!
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
  And spier'd what was't they ca'd her;
Right scornfully thus answered she,
  Begone, you hallan-shaker;
Jog on your gate, you blether-skate,
  My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie, quoth he, now by my bags,
  I'm fidging fain to see you

Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
In troth I winna steer you;
For I'm a piper to my trade,
Men call me Rab the Ranter:
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, have you your bags,
And is your drone in order?
If you be Rab, I've heard of you,—
Live you upon the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Have heard of Rab the Ranter—
I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
If you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and walloped o'er the green,
For brawlie could she frisk it:
Weel done, quoth he; play up, quoth she;
Weel bobbed, quoth Rab the Ranter;
'Tis worth my while to play, indeed,
When I get sic a dancer.

Weel hae you played your part, quoth Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson—
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel
Since we lost Habbie Simpson.

I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anster Fair,
Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

Much idle controversy has arisen respecting the meaning of this admirable song: certain sensitive critics imagine the story to be an impure allegory, like "The Fleming Barge," while others accept the strict and literal and honest meaning of the words. It was written by Francis Semple about the year 1650, if we may trust family tradition. Tradition has lately accepted the aid of some very suspicious anecdotes, accompanied by oral verses, confirmatory of the claim of Semple to this song; and it would be well if the family would set such matters at rest. Under the name of "Mogey Lauther" this song was a favourite in England at the Restoration.

THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD.

The auld man's mare's dead,
She gae a tug and drappit dead,
The mair haste the waur speed,
A mile aboon Dundee.
She was cat-luggit, painch-lippet,
Steel-waimet, staincher fittet,
Chaunler-chaftet, crook-necket,
And yet the brute did die.

The auld man's mare's dead,
And peats and sticks and corn to lead,
Just in the middle o' his need,
What ailed the brute to die.
Her lunyie bones were knaggs and neuks,
She had the cleeks, the cauld, the crooks,
The moor-ill and the wanton yeuks,
And the howks aboon her e'e.

The auld man's mare's dead;
That bore his banes and wan his bread;
Frae firth to firth was ne'er a steed
Used half so tenderlie.
The auld man he was rough and dour,
The auld mare she was cross and sour,—
They loved like birds in summer bower,
And yet the brute could die.

On the authority of some verses by Allan Ramsay, this curious song might be ascribed to Patie Birnie, "the famous fiddler of Kinghorn." But the testimony of verse is very suspicious. There are many variations of the song; and all the diseases which the art of farriery knows have been visited on the auld man's mare by our provincial rhymers. What bard would think now of singing in honour of such a miserable animal, and wonder at the end of every verse that she should have died, when every line shows it was much more wonderful that she lived so long?

THE RINAWAY BRIDE.

A laddie and a lassie fair
Lived in the south countree;
They hae coost their claes thegither,
And wedded wad they be:
On Tuesday to the bridal feast
Came fiddlers flocking free—
But hey play up the rinaway bride
For she has ta'en the gee.

She had nae run a mile or mair
Till she 'gan to consider
The angering of her father dear,
The vexing of her mither,
The slighting of the silly bridegroom,
The warst of a' the three—
Then hey play up the rinaway bride,
For she has ta'en the gee.

Her father and her mither baith
Ran after her wi' speed;
And ay they ran and cryed, hou, Ann!
Till they came to the Tweed:
Saw ye a lass, a lovesome lass,
That weel a queen might be?
O that's the bride, the rinaway bride,
The bride that's ta'en the gee.

And when they came to Kelso town,
They gaured the clap gae throu'—
Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and mantle,
The face o't lined up wi' blue?
The face o't lined up wi' blue,
And the tail turned up wi' green;—
Saw ye a lass wi a hood and mantle,
Should been married on Tuesday 'te'en?

O at the saft and silly bridegroom
The bridemaids a' were laughin',
When up there spake the bridegroom's man,
Now what means a' this daffin,
For woman's love's a wilfu' thing,
And fancy flies fu' free;
Then hey play up the rinaway bride,
For she has ta'en the gee.

There is a lively and original spirit in this song such as few songs possess. It first found a place in Yair's collection, and then in David Herd's; but it was popular among the peasantry before, and few districts are without numerous variations. The present copy seems more complete and consistent than the others, and the concluding verse is without the indelicacy which polluted the earlier versions.

OUR GUDEMAN CAME HAME AT E'EN.

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he,
And there he saw a saddle-horse,
Where nae horse should be:
And how came this horse here,
And how can it be?
O how came this horse here
Without the leave o' me?
A horse! quo' she,—aye, a horse, quo' he.
Ye blind donard bodie,
And blinder may ye be,
'Tis but a dainty milk-cow
My mither sent to me.
A milk cow! quo' he,—aye, a milk cow, quo' she.
O far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But a saddle on a milk-cow
Afore I ne'er saw nane.

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he,
And he spied a pair of jack-boots
Where nae boots should be:
What's this now, gudewife,
What's this I see?

How came these boots here
Without the leave o' me?
Boots! quo' she,—aye, boots! quo' he.
Shame fa' yere cuckold face,
And waur may ye see,
It's but a pair o' milking pails
My minnie sent to me.
Milking-pails! quo' he,—aye, milking-pails! quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And farer hae I gane,
But siller spurs on milking-pails
Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he,
And there he saw a shining sword
Where nae sword should be:
What's this now, gudewife,
And what's this I see?
O how came this sword here
Without the leave o' me?
A sword! quo' she,—aye, a sword! quo' he.
Shame fa' yere cuckold face,
And waur may ye see,
It's but a porridge spurtle
My mither sent to me.
A spurtle! quo' he,—aye, a spurtle! quo' she.
Far hae I ridden, love,
And meikle hae I seen,

But silver hilted spurtles
Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he,
And there he spied a powdered wig
Where nae wig should be:
What's this now, gudewife,
What's this I see?
How came this wig here
Without the leave o' me?
A wig! quo' she,—aye, a wig! quo' he.
Shame fa' yere cuckold face,
And waur may ye see,
'Tis nothing but a clocking-hen
My mither sent to me.
A clocking-hen! quo' he,—aye, a clocking-hen! quo' she.
Far hae I ridden, love,
And meikle hae I seen,
But powder on a clocking-hen
Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he,
And there he saw a meikle coat
Where nae coat should be:
And how came this coat here,
And how can it be?

O how came this coat here
  Without the leave o' me?
A coat! quo' she,—aye, a coat! quo' he.
  Ye blind donard bodie,
    And blinder may ye be;
  It's but a pair o' blankets
    My mither sent to me.
Blankets! quo' he,—aye, blankets! quo' she.
  Far hae I ridden, love,
    And meikle hae I seen;
  But buttons upon blankets
    Saw I never nane.

Ben went our gudeman,
  And ben went he;
And there he spied a sturdy man
  Where nae man should be.
How came this man here?
  And how can it be?
How came this man here
  Without the leave o' me?
A man! quo' she,—aye, a man! quo' he.
  Ye silly blind bodie,
    And blinder may ye be;
  'Tis a new milking maiden
    My mither sent to me.
A maid! quo' he,—aye, a maid! quo' she.
  Far hae I ridden, love,
    And meikle hae I seen;

But long-bearded maidens
Saw I never nane.

The concluding lines of this excellent old song lead us to imagine that it was popular before the final abolition of beards; but it has many other tokens of antiquity about it. I know not where David Herd found it, but we owe its preservation to his industry: it appeared in his collection in 1776. The latter efforts of the Muse are less free, dramatic, and original; there is a rustic life and a ready-witted grace about our old songs which modern verse-makers cannot reach. Domestic infelicity was a favourite theme with our ancestors, and much mirth was infused into song by the witty wickedness of young wives.

THERE WENT A FAIR MAID FORTH TO WALK.

There went a fair maid forth to walk
In the sweet twilight of July,
Bonnie she was and frank and young;
But she met wi' a lad unruly.
The flowers smelled rich aneath their feet,
The birds o'erhead sang hoolie,
Till the bright moon came glancing down
Through the balmy air of July.

There were oft pausings in their walk—
Words breathed out meek and lowly,
And smother'd sighs, and oft vowed vows,
And looks so warm and holy!
He took her by the lily white hand,
And swore he loved her truly—
The lad forgot, but the maid thought on;
It was in the month of July.

These verses seem a fragment of some ancient lyric; and if I might be indulged in conjecture, I should think they had been retouched by some judicious hand, and the broad simplicity of the early Muse abated. Like almost all other Scottish songs, a version existed of a much more dubious character in point of delicacy than this. Parodies or interpolated verses often changed a song and rendered it unfit for a scrupulous audience. It is as well to let such variations be consigned to oblivion by the purer taste of society. I suspect the song is of English extraction. I never saw more than eight lines of it in any collection;—they are the first four and last four in the present version.

THE REEL OF STUMPIE-O.

Hap and rowe, hap and rowe,
Hap and rowe the feetie o't;
I thought mysel' a maiden leal
Till ance I heard the greetie o't.
My father was a fiddler fine,
My minnie she made mankie-o;
And I'm myself a thumpin quean
Wha danced the reel of Stumpie-o.

Dance and sing, dance and sing,
Hey the merry dancing-o;
And a' their love locks waving round,
And a' their bright eyes glancing-o.
The pipes come with their gladsome note—
And then wi' dool and dumpie-o;
But the lightest tune to a maiden's foot
Is the gallant tune of Stumpie-o.

The gossip cup, the gossip cup,
The kimmer clash and caudle-o—
The glowin moon, the wanton loon,
The cuttie stool and cradle-o.
Douce dames maun hae their bairntime borne,
Sae dinna glower sae glumpie-o;
Birds love the morn, and craws love corn,
And maids the reel of Stumpie-o.

All that antiquity can claim of this song amounts only, I fear, to a fragment. An imperfect copy of the first verse was printed in the Musical Museum. The air is well known among Scottish musicians. I have heard a verse which gives the local claim of this song to Fife; but I cannot strengthen this by quotation. The verses, as they now stand, have been created from such rubbish as Time has left of the old song. It has been sung for generations—and "Hap and rowe, hap and rowe," was always the popular commencement. The air is a favourite and lively reel tune.

TIBBIE FOWLER.

Tibbie Fowler o' the glen,
There's o'er mony wooing at her;
Tibbie Fowler o' the glen,
There's o'er mony wooing at her.
Wooing at her, puin at her,
Courtin her, and canna get her;
Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
That a' the lads are wooing at her.

Ten cam east, and ten cam west,
Ten cam rowin o'er the water;
Twa cam down the lang dyke-side:
There's twa-and-thirty wooing at her.

There's seven but and seven ben,
Seven in the pantry wi' her,
Twenty head about the door:
There's ane-and-forty wooing at her.

She's got pendles in her lugs,
Cockle-shells wad set her better!
High-heel'd shoon and siller tags,
And a' the lads are wooing at her.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
Gin she hae the name o' siller,
Set her upon Tintock tap,
The wind will blaw a man till her.

Be a lassie e'er sae fair,
An' she want the penny siller,
A flie may fell her in the air
Before a man be even'd till her.

This is a lucky effusion of the rustic Muse. The conception is original, and the execution natural and lively. Female malice alone seems equal to the task of lessening the manifold attractions of a maiden with one and forty wooers. The witty catalogue of lovers, the bitter personality and the biting moral which concludes this song, render it a general favourite. It came out as a fragment first, and about the year 1780 appeared in its present form. It is said to be the production of the

Rev. Dr. Strachan of Carnwath—a clever man and a skilful musician: but in Scotland every thing above the mark of a common capacity is attributed to the minister of the parish. The name of the song appears in Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany. I think this is nearly decisive of Dr. Strachan's claim. Tintock is the name of a high hill near Biggar.

MY LADY'S GOWN THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

My lady's gown there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.

My lord a hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassilis' blude,
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Out o'er yon moor, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks through the heather pass;
There wons auld Colin's bonny lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' lover's hymns:
The diamond dew is her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that man lo'es the best,
O that's the lass to mak him blest.

In the Museum this clever song is wholly ascribed to Burns; and though Johnson often mistook the lyrics which the poet transcribed for his own inspirations, there can be little doubt that it owes its chief attractions to his happy pen. In some of the verses, and in the conception of the song, I think I see an antique spirit at work: and I am more inclined to believe that Burns renewed and reanimated a provincial fragment, than that he imagined and wrote the song wholly from his own fancy and feelings.

MALLIE'S MEEK, MALLIE'S SWEET.

O Mallie's meek, Mallie's sweet,
  Mallie's modest and discreet,
Mallie's rare, Mallie's fair,
  Mallie's every way complete.
As I was walking up the street
  A bare-foot maid I chanced to meet—
Cold is the day and hard the way,
  Fair maiden, for thy tender feet.

O Mallie's sweet, Mallie's meek,
  Mallie's modest and discreet,
Mallie's rare, Mallie's fair,
  Mallie's chaste, and Mallie's sweet.
It were more meet that these fine feet
  Were weel laced up in silken shoon;
And 'twere more fit that thou shouldst sit
  Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

O Mallie fair and Mallie rare!
  I'd sail the sea, and roam the land,
And swim yon firth, or gird the earth,
  For ae wave of thy gentle hand:
Thy yellow hair beyond compare
  Comes trinkling down thy swan-white neck;
And thy two eyes, like stars in skies,
  Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

The name of Burns accompanies this song in the Museum; and though I have no wish to advise a separation, I cannot help expressing my sorrow at the imprudence or ignorance of Johnson in adding the name of the great poet to all the hasty verses and amended songs which he so willingly and profusely communicated. The present song is a very beautiful one; and though the conception and some of the lines belong to an earlier period, the charms by which it seizes on our heart and fancy are the work of Burns.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

When Januar' winds were blawing cauld,
As to the north I bent my way,
The mirksome night did me infauld,
I kentna where to lodge till day;
By my good luck a lass I met,
Just in the middle of my care;
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her mak a bed for me.

She made the bed baith wide and braid,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, Young man, now sleep ye sound.

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed,
But I ca'd her quickly back again,
To lay some mair below my head.
She laid a pillow 'neath my head,
And served me wi' due respect;
And to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivory,
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.
Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And aye she wistna what to say;
I laid her 'tween me and the wa';
The lassie thought na lang till day.
I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinklin in her ee:

I said, My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye ay shall make the bed to me.

She took her mither's holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me;
Blithe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.
The bonny lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me;
I'll ne'er forget, till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Burns found an old, lively, and unceremonious song, and adopting its narrative, and retaining many of the lines, and preserving something of the stamp and impress of the old, he produced the present lyric. It is not yet quite so pure as it ought to be; but it is far too beautiful to cast away, and too peculiar to alter with much hope of success. The original song, tradition says, was occasioned by an intrigue which Charles the Second had with a Scottish lady before the battle of Worcester. I have heard a much earlier origin ascribed to it:—the peasantry believe it to be one of the compositions of King James the Fifth, in which he embodied some of his own nocturnal adventures.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand!
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
An' a' is done in vain:
My love an' native land, fareweel!
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right an' round about
Upon the Irish shore,
An' ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
With, adieu for evermore, my dear!
With, adieu for evermore!

The sodger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, an' night is come,
An' a' folk bound to sleep,

I think on him that's far awa'
The lee-lang night, an' weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, an' weep.

Tradition ascribes this song to Captain Ogilvie, of the house of Inverquharity, who accompanied King James to Ireland, and fought bravely at the battle of the Boyne. He was one of some hundreds of lowland Scottish gentlemen who voluntarily exiled themselves, and perished by famine and the sword, in the cause of the house of Stuart. Many of them served as common soldiers, and were slain in the wars of aliens in Spain and on the Rhine, while others followed the miserable fortunes of their master, and perished by a consumer as sure and effectual as the sword—disappointed hope. In 1696 only sixteen were left alive: nor did these men fight from a blind religious devotion; only four were Catholics, the rest were members of the Church of England, and some of them had been divines. Every revolution has its stories of sorrow and of wrong; perhaps that of 1688 has less human misery to answer for than any other on record.

THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

In Scotland there lived a humble beggar,
He had neither house nor hald nor hame,
But he was weel liked by ilka body,
And they gave him sunkets to rax his wame.
A nievefou' o' meal, a handfou' o' groats,
A dad o' a bannock or pudding bree,
Cauld porridge, or the lickings of plates,
Wad make him as blythe as a bodie could be.

A humbler bodie O never brake bread,
For the feint a bit of pride had he;
He wad hae ta'en his alms in a bicker
Frae gentle or semple, or poor bodie.
His wallets afore and ahint did hing
In as good order as wallets could be;
A lang-kale goolie hung down by his side,
And a meikle nowte-horn to rowt on had he.

It happened ill, and it happened warse—
For it happened sae that he did die;
And wha d' ye think was at his lyke-wauk
But lads and lasses of high degree?
Some were merry and some were sad,
And some were as blythe as blythe could be,
When up he started, the gruesome carle,—
I rede ye, good folks, beware o' me!

Out scraiched Kate, wha sat in the nook,—
Vow now, kimmer! and how do ye?
He ca'd her waur than witch and limmer,
And rugget and tugget her cockernonie.
They howket his grave in Douket's kirkyard'
Twa ell deep, for I gade to see,
But when they were gaun to put him in the yird,
The feint a dead nor dead was he!

They brought him down to Douket's kirkyard,—
He gae a dunt, and the boards did flee,
And when they gade to lay him in the grave,
In fell the coffin and out lap he!
He cryed I'm cauld! I'm unco cauld!
Fu' fast ran they, and fu' fast ran he;
But he was first hame at his ain ingle-side,
And he helped to drink his ain dredgie.

This song is certainly a very old one, though it appeared for the first time in David Herd's collection. The hero seems to have been a kind of martial mendicant, who obtained alms by other means than intercession; his horn and his kale goolie made the impatience of his friends for his interment very justifiable. The joy and the sorrow at his lyke-wake is a very just picture of other times, when, according to the proverb, more mirth was found at the end of a funeral than at the beginning of a wedding.

MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And, fool I was, I married;
But never an honest man's intent
Sae cursedly miscarried!
For aye my wife she dang me,
And aye my wife did bang me:
O if ye gie a woman her will,
Gude sooth, she'll soon o'ergang ye!

Nae fairer face looks to the sun,
Nae eye has glances brighter;
Nae foot's mair gladsome in the dance,—
I wish her hand were lighter!
And aye my wife she dang me,
And sair my wife did wrang me:
O if ye gie a woman her will,
Gude faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye!

There is some comfort still in hope,—
When sorrow's days are done, man,
My pains of hell on earth have past,
Then welcome bliss aboon, man!
And aye my wife she dang me,
And aye my wife did bang me:
O if ye gie a woman her will,
Gude faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye!

I found two of these verses in the Musical Museum; the chorus is old, the rest of the song is modern. An old song of the same name was once well known, and some fragments are not yet forgotten; though I know of no relics of ancient song which merit oblivion more.

MY LOVE SHE LIVES IN LAUDERDALE.

My love she lives in Lauderdale,
And I'm a fiddler fine;
I played at her bower window,
And drank her health in wine.
She fleeched me an' she floyted me,
As gin I'd been her brither;
But I maun rin frae Lauderdale,
Fiddle and a' thegither.

There's no a lad in Lauderdale,
Nor yet in a' the land,
That witched the maidens' feet like me,
Or drew sic a bow-hand:
My gude bow-hand has lost its craft,
And tint the charm for ever;
And I maun rin frae Lauderdale,
Fiddle and a' thegither.

When first I came to Lauderdale,
'Twas at the Lammas-term,
I drew a bow—a nobler bow
Was never drawn on thairm!
But wae gae by the wanton dance
That makes a maid a mither!—
Now I maun rin frae Lauderdale,
Fiddle and a' thegither.

There is an old popular ditty, exceedingly lively and very coarse, bearing the same name with this song, and containing many lines in common, which may be known to some of my less fastidious readers. In sobering down the levities of the old lyric, I have sought to preserve some of its freedom and animation; and though I have changed the meaning, I hope I have preserved all that any one would think worthy of preservation. I shall not say where I found the original song—it was in very wild company.

THE BRAES OF BRANKSOME.

As I came in by Teviot-side,
And by the brães of Branksome,
There first I saw my bonny bride,
Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome;
Her skin was safter than the down,
And white as alabaster;
Her hair a shining wavy brown;
In straightness nane surpass'd her;

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were surprising,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breasts just rising:
Nae silken hose, with gooshets fine,
Or shoon with glancing laces,
On her bare leg, forbade to shine
Well shapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
Was sum of a' her claithing;
Even thae's o'er meikle; mair delyte
She'd given cled wi' naithing:
She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
By which a burnie trotted;
On her I glowr'd my soul away,
While on her sweets I doted.

A thousand beauties of desert
Before had scarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artless struck my heart,
And, but designing, charm'd me.
Hurried by love, close to my breast
I grasp'd this fund of blisses,
Who smil'd, and said, Without a priest,
Sir, hope for nought but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I cou'dna want her;
What she demanded, ilka charm
Of her's pled, I shou'd grant her.
Since heaven had dealt to me a routh,
Straight to the kirk I led her,
There plighting her my faith and trouth,
And a young lady made her.

The popular song of "The Braes of Branksome" first appeared under the name of "The Generous Gentleman" in Allan Ramsay's collection, accompanied by instructions, to sing it to the tune of "The Bonnie Lass of Branksome." The name of the tune seems part of an old song, of which I regret the loss, since I imagine it commemorated the beauty of one of the ladies of Branksome, whose reputation for loveliness is of old standing. How much or how little of the ancient strain found its way into this modern composition it is now impossible to know, but the song wants no old associations to render it attractive: it is a general favourite. The freedom

with which the lover describes the beauty of the maiden, the wish which he expresses for still greater simplicity of dress, and the protracted rapture with which he dwells on her youth and her loveliness, together with his own honesty of purpose, all combine to press it upon our affections. It is the work of a practised hand, and has been imputed, and, I believe, with truth, to Allan Ramsay.

LASS WITH A LUMP OF LAND.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
And we for life shall gang thegither,
Though daft or wise, I'll never demand,
Or black or fair, it makesna whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alane is na worth a shilling;
But she that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.

Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, though bonny, to meddle,
Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
They'se never get me to dance to their fiddle

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;
But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection:
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,
And naithing can catch our modern sparks,
But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

If it were necessary to produce an example of the freshness, vividness, and rich humour of Allan Ramsay, and of his power of saying much in small compass, I would instance the "Lass with a Lump of Land." It is one of the best of the kind in the language, and presents an emanation of life and spirit which will never be old while pleasure and power are matters to be purchased: gold and silver will always, in spite of health and beauty, be considered a sweet complexion. The song has hardly obtained the fame it deserves; Burns has left it unnoticed, while he illustrates with criticism and anecdote many inferior lyrics. But Burns held strange opinions sometimes in matters of taste—he admired Peter Pindar, and preferred Ferguson to Ramsay. The sympathy excited by Ferguson's unhappy death, and the wild and uncontrollable career which

hastened it, might have their share in influencing this opinion; but still it is his opinion, and he never recalled it. Like many other songs, "The Lass with a Lump of Land" was preceded by another whose attractions were of a more gross and sensual nature.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I have mony a day been:
To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And not for the dangers attending on weir;
Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more!

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind:
Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd,
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd:
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
Since honour commands me how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And, if I should chance to come glorious hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

The sweetness of the air and the beauty of the verses have rendered this one of the most popular of our Scottish songs. An earlier song of the same name once existed, it is imagined, but I never had the fortune to meet with it, either entire or in fragments. I have never heard who the hero of "Lochaber no more" was, nor who was the Jeany whose beauty had made such an impression on the martial adventurer. It was seldom that Ramsay went northward for subjects—his heart seems not to have been with the highlands; and this renders it more likely that he raised this elegant superstructure of verse on the foundation of some ancient song.

THE CARLE HE CAME O'ER THE CROFT.

The carle he came o'er the croft,
And his beard new shav'n,
He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
The carle trows that I wad hae him.
Hout awa' I winna hae him!
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
For a' his beard new shav'n,
Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A siller broach he gae me niest,
To fasten on my curchea nooked,
I wor't a wee upon my breast,
But soon, alake! the tongue o't crooked;
And sae may his, I winna hae him,
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him,
Ane twice a bairn's a lass's jest;
Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has na fault but ane,
For he has land and dollars plenty;
But wae's me for him! skin and bane
Is no for a plump lass of twenty.
Hout awa, I winna hae him,
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him;
What signifies his dirty riggs,
And cash, without a man with them?

But should my canker'd daddy gar
Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware
That antlers dinna claim their station.
Hout awa, I winna hae him!
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
I'm fley'd to crack the haly band,
Sae lăwty says, I shou'd na hae him.

The scorn of youth and beauty for age and gray hairs was a favourite subject with our old lyrists; and we have not probably a more ancient song of that kind, or a more successful one, than "The Carle he came o'er the croft." It is trueth at Allan Ramsay abated the grossness of the original song, and probably augmented its humour; but those who laugh at the manner in which the merry maiden speculates on her hope of matrimonial comforts, and the pleasant punishment with which she threatens her hoary lover, will laugh at what moved the mirth of our ancestors two hundred years ago.—The old song was published in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. It would appear that the ancient suitor was a highlander. I have heard verses very different from the copies of Ramsay and Thomson.—I cannot commend their delicacy.—This is a passable one:

He gae me a hollin sark,
An' his beard new shaven,
And sought to kiss me in the dark,—
Foul fa' him gin I'll hae him!

SLEEPY BODY.

O sleepy body,
And drowsy body,
O wiltuna waken and turn thee:
To drivel and draunt,
While I sigh and gaunt,
Gives me good reason to scorn thee.

When thou shouldst be kind,
Thou turns sleepy and blind,
And snoters and snores far frae me.
Wae light on thy face,
Thy drowsy embrace
Is enough to gar me betray thee.

This clever little song is a translation of some Latin verses; it appeared first in Allan Ramsay's collection with a mark intimating that the verses were old, with additions. I wish so well to the air as to desire that a verse or two were added; for the brevity of the song makes the pleasure cease ere it be well begun.—I should like a song in the feeling of the old words.—Some one I am afraid will take up the air, discover that it may be sung slow with expression, and pour over its pleasant liveliness a lyric flood of drowsy sensibility. We have plenty of moving and touching songs—and I would rather laugh than cry.

THE WIDOW.

The widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,
And mony braw things the widow can do;
  Then have at the widow, my laddie.
With courage attack her, baith early and late,
To kiss her and clap her you manna be blate,
Speak well, and do better, for that's the best gate
  To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair
The waur for the wearing, and has a good skair
Of every thing lovely, she's witty and fair,
  And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
What cou'd you wish better your pleasure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,
With naething, but draw in your stool and sit down,
  And sport with the widow, my laddie?

Then till 'er, and kill 'er with courtesie dead,
Though stark love and kindness be all ye can plead;
Be heartsome and airy, an' hope to succeed
  With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
  Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

There was once an old free song, the burthen of which gives a name to the air to which this song is sung, called "Wap at the widow, my laddie." Allan Ramsay infused a more modest spirit through it, without lessening its unobjectionable attractions; and the song thus renovated in a purer, but still a very free taste, keeps hold of public favour. We have many rude rhymes, and still ruder proverbs, expressive of the ease with which the scruples of a rosy young widow are vanquished; but the song itself says quite enough, and I shall not illustrate the plain and simple text by either rhyme or proverb.

WIDOW, ARE YE WAUKIN?

O wha's that at my chamber-door?
Fair widow, are ye wauking?
Auld carle, your suit give o'er,
Your love lies a' in tauking.
Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an April meadow;
'Tis sic as he can bless the sight
And bosom of a widow.

O widow, wilt thou let me in,
I'm pawky, wise, and thrifty,

And come of a right gentle kin,
I'm little mair than fifty.
Daft carle, dit your mouth,
What signifies how pawky,
Or gentle-born ye be,—bot youth?
In love you're but a gawky.

Then, widow, let these guineas speak,
That powerfully plead clinkan,
And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,
And nae mair love will think on.
These court indeed, I maun confess,
I think they make you young, Sir,
And ten times better can express
Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

In ancient times, an old man assuming the vivacity of youth, and making love to the fair and the blooming, was a prime subject for lyrical mirth; and many a side has been agreeably shaken by the wit and the humour which such a circumstance excited. This is a matter which seems to have afforded Allan Ramsay abundance of amusement, and his poetry bears token in many places that he thought such an unnatural scene as gray age and blooming youth presented was worthy of satire. But he has given to gold the eloquence which I am afraid it will be often found to possess: the stories of those who live in misery, but who dine in silver, might fill a volume. Ramsay found a witty and indelicate old ditty called "Widow, are ye wakin," and

speculating on the idea which it gave, produced this very lively and pleasant song. He calls it "The auld Man's best Argument"—a witty title—but I have chosen to abide by that which gives a name to the air.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And let us leave the braes of Yarrow.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride,
Where got ye that winsome marrow?
I got her where I durst not well be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair well be seen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?

Lang must she weep, lang must she, must she weep,
Lang must she weep with dole and sorrow,
And lang must I nae mair well be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I have slain the comeliest swain,
That ever pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow,
And why yon melancholious weeds,
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?
What's yonder floats? O dole and sorrow!
O 'tis the comely swain I slew
Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears of dole and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in woeful wise,
His helpless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm
Thou mett'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet, as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple from its rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, then busk, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow field, may never, never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely kill'd my love,
My love as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing,
Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dole and sorrow,
But ere the to-fall of the night,
He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that woful, woful day;
I sung, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the shaft was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy hand;
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
May bid me seek on Yarrow's braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may, he may upbraid,
And strive with threat'ning words to move me;
My lover's blood is on thy hand,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband-lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter.
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee;
Yet lie all night between my breasts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lie there after.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow,
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

Of this song Mr. Pinkerton says, "It is in very bad taste, and quite unlike the ancient Scottish manner; even inferior to the poorest of the old ballads with this title. His repeated words and lines causing an eternal jingle—his confused narration and affected pathos throw this piece among the rubbish of poetry." I have ever observed, that when Pinkerton pauses a little, gathers himself up, and utters a weighty and deliberate judgment, he is sure to make a mistake. In matters of poetic taste, trust only his hurried glance or his hasty allusion,—when he thinks seriously, he thinks wrong. It is one of the very sweetest and tenderest productions of the Muse.

Among the admirers of the "Braes of Yarrow," let me mention Wordsworth, who in all that relates to taste and genius is well worth as many Pinkertons as could stand between Rydal-mount and Yarrow. He calls it the exquisite ballad of Hamilton; and in his Yarrow Unvisited and Yarrow Visited—poems that would immortalise any stream—his allusions to the song are frequent and flatterin . He had a vision of his own—an

image nobler and lovelier which the song had created in his fancy—he saw the stream and said—

And is this Yarrow?—*This* the stream
Of which my fancy cherish'd
So faithfully a waking dream?
An image that hath perish'd!
O! that some minstrel harp were near
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air
That fills my heart with sadness.

MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me sic delight,
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confess'd,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
With innocence the wale of sense,
At wauking of the fauld.

The songs which Ramsay wrote for his "Gentle Shepherd" are inferior to that fine pastoral; instead of adorning the text, they encumber it. They are, however, so generally known, and so popular through the aid of the drama, that a collection would be reckoned incomplete without them. They echo, and echo faintly, the preceding text; and they have little of the readiness

of language and alacrity of humour, and lyric grace of composition, which distinguish many of Allan's songs. "My Peggy is a young thing" is partly founded on an old song which commences thus—

Will ye ca' in by our town
As ye come frae the fauld.

If the wit and the humour of this ancient lyric were not enclosed with grossness and indelicacy, as a thistle bloom is beset with its prickles, it would be worthy of acceptation in any company.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATY.

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the street, my jo?
My mistress in her tartan screen,
Fu' bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never wish'd a lover ill,
Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,
And leave the dinsome town a while?

The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the simmer's gaun to smile:
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleating lambs, and whistling hind,
In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,
Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
Bends his morning-draught of dew,
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
And gather flow'rs to busk ye'r brow;
We'll pou the daisies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog:
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And sport upon the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
A canny, saft, and flow'ry den,
Which circling birks have form'd a bow'r:
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauler shade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

Allan Ramsay wrote this very clever and very natural song, and printed it in his collection in 1724. It was composed to take place of an old and licentious lyric of the same name; and it has been so successful, that its impure predecessor has wholly disappeared. There was

a fine free spirit of enjoyment about Ramsay, and his verses exhibit a happy and pleasant mind. The prime of his life, from twenty-five to five and forty, he devoted to poetry: he began when observation came to the aid of fancy, and he desisted when the gravity of years admonished him to turn to more solemn thoughts than merry verse. With him life seems to have glided more felicitously away than with many other poets—he had fortune and favour on his side, and had the good sense to be content.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They are twa bonny lassies,
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.
Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap;
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:

White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' genty;
With ilka grace she can command;
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a craw,
Her een like diamonds' glances;
She's aye sae clean, redd up, and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances:
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us;
Our fancies jee between you twa,
Ye are sic bonny lasses:
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stented;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

The heroines of this song are not so much indebted to Allan Ramsay for their celebrity as to the affecting story which tradition associates with their names. Elizabeth Bell was the daughter of a gentleman in Perthshire, and Mary Gray was the daughter of Gray of Lyndoch. They were intimate friends, and very witty

and very beautiful. When the plague visited Scotland in 1666, they built a bower in a secluded and romantic glen, near Lyndoch, and retiring to the spot, which is yet called "Burnbrae," hoped to survive the contagion. But they fell victims to their affections: they were visited by a young gentleman, either as a friend or admirer; and the plague soon made them occupiers of the same grave. As they were friends in life, so in death they were not divided. The place where they lie buried is enclosed; and their grave is respected by all who sympathise in their mournful story. Lyndoch, where they lie, is the property of Thomas Graham, Lord Lyndoch. Their fate was the subject of an old and pathetic song, of which the following fragment only remains:—

O Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses,
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
And theekit it o'er wi' rashes:
They theekit o'er wi' rashes green,
They theekit it o'er wi' heather,
But the pest came frae the burrows town,
And slew them baith thegither.

They thought to lie in Methven kirk,
Amang their noble kin,
But they maun lie on Lyndoch brae,
To beak fornent the sun.

O Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses,
They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theekit it o'er wi' rashes.

These fine verses were recited to me by Sir Walter Scott.

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

When trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye;
Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
That dwelt on this burn-side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride:
Her cheeks were rosy, red, and white,
Her een were bonny blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they said!
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And with her bosom play'd;
Till baith at length impatient grown
To be mair fully blest,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down;—
Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
And naething sure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
They lik'd a walk sae sweet;
And that they aften shou'd return
Sic pleasure to renew.
Quoth Mary, love, I like the burn,
And ay shall follow you.

The air to which this song is written is at least an hundred years old; and it is probable that old words, bearing the same name, accompanied the air. The claim which Burns makes for the air, as the composition of David Maigh, keeper of the blood-hounds to Riddell of Tweeddale, has been doubted by Sir Walter Scott in his review of the works of Burns: if the doubt is expressed because of the antiquity of the air, the answer is, that no era is assigned for the existence of this musical borderer, and that his office was one of great antiquity, and has long since ceased. The heroine of the song has been accused of indelicacy in pointing out a

pleasant walk for her lover; and the words which express their happiness and their love have been called over-warm and indiscreet. But no one has successfully moderated the warmth or lessened the indiscretion. It is the composition of Crauford, and was printed in Ramsay's collection, and in every collection since, and so may it continue.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

The last time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me.
Ye powers! what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastly sporting;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me:
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter:
Since she excels in every grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me;
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom,
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

Of this song Burns says, "The first lines of 'The last time I came o'er the moor,' and several other lines in it, are beautiful: but, in my opinion—pardon me,

revered shade of Ramsay—the song is unworthy of the divine air. I shall try to make or mend." He afterwards said, "'The last time I came o'er the moor' I cannot meddle with as to mending it; and the musical world have been so long accustomed to Ramsay's words, that a different song, though positively superior, would not be so well received." And when a less gifted versifier altered the song, he interposed and observed, "I cannot approve of taking such liberties with an author as Mr. W. proposes. Let a poet if he chooses take up the idea of another, and work it into a piece of his own, but to mangle the works of the poor bard, whose tuneful tongue is now mute for ever in the dark and narrow house—by heaven, it would be sacrilege! I grant that Mr. W.'s version is an improvement; but let him mend the song as the highlander mended his gun—he gave it a new stock, a new lock, and a new barrel."

I neither wholly agree with the censure which Burns passes on the song, nor do I concur in the rule which he lays down concerning the songs of others. He took many liberties himself; and we owe to the aid or the inspiration of old verses many of the most exquisite of his own lyrics: he borrowed whole stanzas, and altered others without acknowledgment or apology, and confesses to a friend, that "The songs marked 'Z' in the Museum I have given to the world as old verses to their respective tunes; but in fact, of a good many of them, little more than the chorus is ancient—though there is no reason for telling any body this piece of intelligence." In a letter to Lord Woodhouselee, inclosing a

few reliques of west country song, he says—"I had once a great many of these fragments, and some of these here entire; but as I had no idea that any body cared for them, I have forgotten them. I invariably hold it a sacrilege to add any thing of my own to help out with the shattered wrecks of these venerable old compositions; but they have many various readings."

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

The lass of Patie's mill,
  Sae bonnie, blithe, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
  She stole my heart away.
When tedding out the hay,
  Bareheaded on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
  And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
  Breasts rising in their dawn;
To age it would give youth,
  To press them with his han'.
Through all my spirits ran
  An ecstacy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand
  Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

ATLANTIC

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
Her sweets she did impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd:
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;—
I wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I a' the wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise, and fulfil,
That none but bonnie she,
The lass of Patie's mill,
Should share the same with me.

There is perhaps less originality in song than in any other kind of composition. Many of the most beautiful of our modern lyrics we owe rather to an ancient than a modern impulse. Allan Ramsay's "Lass of Patie's mill" is the renovation of an older song; but how much of the beauty of the new we owe to the charms of the old, I have not heard. Sir William Cunningham, of Robertland, informed Burns on the authority of the Earl of Loudon, that Ramsay was struck with the appearance of a beautiful country girl, at a place called Patie's Mill, near New-mills; and under the influence of her charms composed this song, which he recited at

Loudon Castle. The omission of the second verse was proposed by Mr. Thomson, and in a moment of unexampled fastidiousness, sanctioned by Burns. I have restored the verse, which, though free and glowing, bears the character and impress of that age; and the removal of it picks the heart and soul out of the song.

JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

By smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining
Mysel thus away, and daurna discover
To my bonny Hay that I am her lover!

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stranger;
If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer:
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
Maybe, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good-morrow;
The swaird of the mead, enamell'd wi' daisies,
Looks wither'd and dead when twinn'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdure invites her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter;
'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a-flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb wi' amaze, my mind is confounded;
I'm a' in a fire, dear maid, to caress ye,
For a' my desire is Hay's bonnie lassie.

An old and a very beautiful song once existed in Nithsdale, which was sung to the air of this lyric: I only heard it once; I was then very young, and it has escaped wholly from my memory, except a single line, with which I think the first and last verses concluded—

There's nane o' them a' like my bonnie lassie.

The story of the song was also the same; and I have an impression that the whole or part of it was older than Ramsay's days. Burns had heard that John Hay's Bonnie Lassie was daughter of the Earl or Marquis of Tweeddale, and Countess of Roxburgh, who died some time between the years 1720 and 1740. If the song was Ramsay's, and it has been generally attributed to him, and frequently printed with his name, it must have been an early production, for the lady, if Burns is right, was too ripe for the freshness of Aurora when he printed his Miscellany. But we cannot depend upon traditional accuracy in such matters; and it may have happened that the song was inspired by a much less lordly personage than an earl's daughter and an earl's wife.

GIN YE MEET A BONNIE LASSIE.

Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie,
Gi'e her a kiss and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dorty hizzie,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.
Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay you twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the saft minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook!
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersel' in some dark nook.
Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
Nineteen nae-says are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss:
Frae her fair finger whup a ring
As taiken of a future bliss.
These bennisons, I'm very sure,
Are a' o' heaven's indulgent grant;
Then surly carles whisht, forbear
To plague us wi' your whining cant.

The poem out of which this song has been extracted, is described by Lord Woodhouselee as one of the most fortunate efforts of the genius of Allan Ramsay. It is a Scottish version of part of the ninth ode of Horace, but I have heard that the native ease surpasses far the scholastic fidelity. It unites great lyric beauty with a vivacity and a graphic accuracy of painting, which terminate only with the composition. Few hearts could refrain from dilating on a winter day, at the prospect of personal comfort and social pleasure which the poet prepares:

Then fling on coals, and rype the ribs,
And beak the house baith butt and ben;
That mutchkin stoup it hauds but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.

The first four lines are old, and their spirit has not been conducted very gently into the body of the song. We see at once that they fail to mingle with the rest in that harmonious manner which a song struck off at a heat will always do. After hearing the starting lines sung, we expect a different strain to follow.

GENTY TIBBY AND SONSY NELLY.

Tibby has a store o' charms,
Her genty shape our fancy warms;
How strangely can her sma' white arms
Fetter the lad who looks but at her!
Fra 'er ancle to her slender waist,
These sweets conceal'd invite to daute her;
Her rosy cheek, and rising breast,
Gar ane's mouth gush bout fu' o' water.

Nelly's gawsy, saft, and gay,
Fresh as the lucken flowers in May;
Ilk ane that sees her cries, Ah hey,
She's bonny! O I wonder at her!
The dimples of her chin and cheek,
And limbs sae plump invite to daute her;
Her lips sae sweet, and skin sae sleek,
Gar mony mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my finger in a bore,
My wyson with the Maiden shore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for
When these twa stars appear thegither:
O love! why dost thou gi'e thy fires
Sae large, while we're oblig'd to nither
Our spacious sauls' immense desires,
And ay be in a hankerin swither?

Tibby's shape and airs are fine,
And Nelly's beauties are divine:
But since they canna baith be mine,
Ye gods, give ear to my petition;
Provide a good lad for the tane,
But let it be with this provision,
I get the other to my lane,
In prospect plano and fruition.

When Allan Ramsay wrote this song, he ought in prudence to have read to his Muse the obligation under which he had laid her in his preface, of being remarkably staid and sedate. She is indeed "a leaper and a dancer," but she leaps as high as an opera girl here, and seems equally unconscious of offending the devout eyes of those for whose pleasure she is moving. With all its failings this is a lively buoyant song: the indecision of the lover, and the hankering swither in which two beauties keep him, is well imagined. One of the lines requires illustration.

My wyson with the maiden shore.

That is—though you threaten to behead him with the Earl of Morton's engine of death, the Maiden, he should not be able to tell which of them he would take. The preceding line probably alludes to those noted instruments of torture, the "thumbikins;" of which King William said, when they were applied to his royal thumbs, "They would make me confess any thing!"

THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.

The collier has a daughter,
And O she's wondrous bonny;
A laird he was that sought her,
Rich baith in lands and money:
The tutors watch'd the motion
Of this young honest lover;
But love is like the ocean—
Wha can its depth discover!

He had the art to please ye,
And was by a' respected;
His airs sat round him easy,
Genteel but unaffected.
The collier's bonny lassie,
Fair as the new-blown lily,
Aye sweet, and never saucy,
Secur'd the heart of Willie.

He lov'd beyond expression
The charms that were about her,
And panted for possession;
His life was dull without her.
After mature resolving,
Close to his breast he held her;

In saftest flames dissolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonnie collier's daughter,
Let naething discompose ye,
'Tis no your scanty tocher
Shall ever gar me lose ye:
For I have gear in plenty,
And love says, 'tis my duty
To ware what heaven has lent me,
Upon your wit and beauty.

The Collier's Bonnie Lassie was a girl of some naïveté; but though Allan Ramsay has given us a good song, I am not sure that his verses have that kind of fresh original hue which belongs to the old:—

The Collier has a daughter,
She's black, but O she's bonnie;
A laird he was that loved her,
Rich both in lands and money.
I'm o'er young to wed the laird,
And o'er black to be a lady;
But I will hae a collier lad,
The colour o' my daddie.

The collier has a daughter,
I vow she's wond'rous pretty;
The collier has a daughter,
She's black—but O, she's witty!

He shawed her gowd in gowpins,
And she answered him fu' ready;
The lad I love works under ground,
The colour o' my daddie.

Such is the song which I have heard sung as the old words.

AH THE POOR SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

Ah the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish!
Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover;
While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.

For, oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling!

Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chase
Still will my hopes pursue thee:
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

This is one of the most elegant and beautiful songs in the language. It was written by Hamilton of Bangour; but so little has its charms been felt in England, that Dr. Johnson would not allow it to be poetry, because "blushes" and "wishes" were not corresponding rhymes, and Dr. Aikin published it as the production of an Englishman, without knowing the author. Burns says, the old name was "Sour plums of Galloshiels," and that the piper of the laird of Galloshiels composed the air about the year 1700. The old words have been entirely silenced by this fine song; and with regard to the piper's claim upon the air, I have not observed that Hamilton, in his poem of the Fair Maid of Galloshiels, mentions the genius of the piper for original composition. I have, it is true, only seen a portion of the poem, which records a contest between a fiddler and a piper for the maid of Galloshiels, of which the lady herself, with a manifest violation of equity, is made sole judge. The description of the bagpipe made by Glenderule is exquisite, and in the true Homeric style, where all is painted for the eye.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded never move her;
At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I tried to soothe my amorous flame
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender,
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

This song is supposed to have supplied the place of an ancient one with the same name, of which no reliques remain. Burns visited the Bush in the year 1787, when he made a pilgrimage to various places celebrated in story and in song, and found it composed of eight or nine ragged birches. The Bush grows on a rising ground overlooking the old mansion of Traquair and the stream of Tweed. It has lately paid a heavy tax to human curiosity, and has supplied nobles, and I have heard princes, with "specimens" in the shape of snuff-boxes and other toys. The Earl of Traquair, in anticipation perhaps of this rage for reliques, planted what he called "The New Bush," but it remains unconsecrated in song, and can never inherit the fame or share in the honours of the old. The song is by Crawford.

TWEEDSIDE.

What beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

Tweed-side is a song overflowing with gentleness and beauty: but all who are lovers of nature and simplicity wish Flora resolved into the influence which awakens the flowers, or into any other blameless figure of speech. Burns praises it for its pastoral sweetness and truth, and says the heroine was Mary Stuart, of the Castlemilk family. Family vanity is gratified with the story that one of its number had charms capable of inspiring a song so beautiful; and where we have no surer guide to truth than vanity, we must be content to be no wiser than common fame will allow us. Burns, in saying what he has said, adhered to tradition. The honour of inspiring the song has also been claimed for Mary Scott, the beautiful daughter of Scott of Harden, by one who seldom errs: yet a Dumfriesshire tradition is as good as one of Selkirkshire, and I must own that I feel disposed to ascribe it to the influence of the lady of my native county.—It is one of Crawford's best songs.

BONNIE CHIRSTY.

How sweetly smells the simmer green!
Sweet taste the peach and cherry:
Painting and order please our e'en,
And claret makes us merry:
But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
And wine, though I be thirsty,
Lose a' their charms, and weaker powers,
Compar'd with those of Chirsty.

When wandering o'er the flowery park,
No natural beauty wanting,
How lightsome 'tis to hear the lark,
And birds in concert chanting!
But if my Chirsty tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration;
My thoughts with ecstasies rejoice,
And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping she'll prove a woman;
But dubious of my ain desert,
My sentiments I smother;
With secret sighs I vex my heart,
For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,
His Chirsty did o'erhear him;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But ere he wist drew near him.
She spake her favour by a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her:
He wisely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My Chirsty!——witness, bonnie stream,
Sic joy frae tears arising!
I wish this may na be a dream
O love the most surprising!
Time was too precious now for tauk;
This point of a' his wishes
He wadna wi' set speeches bauk,
But wared it a' on kisses.

Ramsay certainly thought very favourably of this song when he placed it foremost in his collection; and though he has written some more fortunate songs, I think its beauty and truth justify his choice. It appears, from the Orpheus Caledonius, that old words once existed for the air to which this song is sung, and with the same name which Ramsay has retained. These words are irrecoverably lost, and we are unable to learn how much of the new song we may owe to the inspiration of the old. This circumstance certainly casts some doubt on the tradition, which says the heroine of this song was Christina, daughter of Dundas of Arniston.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just op'ning to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time.

Awake!—she cried, thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injured ghosts complain,
And yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why said you that my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

How could you swear my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
These lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:

And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But hark!—the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies
That died for love of you.

The lark sung out, the morning smiled,
With beams of rosy red;
Pale William quaked in ev'ry limb,
And, raving, left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore:
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word spoke never more.

There is little doubt that Mallet saw more of the ancient ballad of Fair Margaret and Sweet William than he was willing to admit; and that he imitated the story of Sweet William's Ghost in this exquisite ballad. The resemblance is far too close to be accidental; yet he acknowledges acquaintance only with the following six lines woven into the drama of the Knight of the Burning Pestle:

You are no love for me, Margaret,
I am no love for you.

. . . . . .

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

"These lines," says Mallet, "naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy; and bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following poem, which was written many years ago." Several attempts have been made to alter and improve this exquisite production, but the superior beauty and simplicity of the original copy secure it against all corruption.

WHY HANGS THAT CLOUD?

Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow,
That beauteous heav'n, erewhile serene?
Whence do these storms and tempests flow,
What may this gust of passion mean?
And must then mankind lose that light
Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
And lie obscure in endless night,
For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear maid, how can I wrong thy name,
Since 'tis acknowledged, at all hands,

That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
Thy beauty can make large amends:
Or if I durst profanely try.
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus, every heart t' ensnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
And Pallas, with unusual care,
Bids wisdom heighten every grace!
Who can the double pain endure?
Or who must not resign the field
To thee, celestial maid, secure
With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live;
But smile, and learn to copy Heaven,
Since we must sin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying Heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itself appeas'd bestows,
As the reward of penitence.

None of our early lyric poets pays such graceful and elegant compliments to the ladies as the author of this song, Hamilton of Bangour. The last verse has been often imitated, and often plundered. Mrs. S. H. was a fortunate lady in taking offence at something which the poet had said to her, since it was atoned for by such a

beautiful and courtly apology. Tradition has neglected to tell us her name, but it is likely she was a Hamilton. I see by the copy which Allan Ramsay published, that the words were written for an old air which bore the name of a song, long since lost, called "Halloween." It is in this way that we are made acquainted with the names of many of our ancient lyrics.

AS SYLVIA IN A FOREST LAY.

As Sylvia in a forest lay,
To vent her woe alone;
Her swain Sylvander came that way,
And heard her dying moan:
Ah! is my love, she said, to you
So worthless and so vain?
Why is your wonted fondness now
Converted to disdain?

You vow'd the light should darkness turn,
Ere you'd forget your love;
In shades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you swore?
But ah! it seems they most deceive
Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind:
Alas! I see it, but too late,
My love had made me blind.
For you, delighted I could die:
But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
To think that credulous, constant, I
Should by yourself be kill'd.

This said—all breathless, sick, and pale,
Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital spirits fail,
And senses at a stand.
Sylvander then began to melt:
But ere the word was given,
The heavy hand of death she felt,
And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

These verses are by David Mallet, and are copied from Ramsay's collection. They have never been very popular, though Oswald assisted them with his music: indeed the peasantry, to whose fondness for song we owe many of our most admired compositions, would hesitate to share their sympathy with Sylvia and Sylvander. Something of the author of William and Margaret may be observed in the second verse; but no other part equals the delicacy and pathos of that popular composition. Allan Ramsay printed them to the tune of Pinky House, or Rothes's Lament.

WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DIE.

There was ance a May, and she lo'ed nae men,
She biggit her bonnie bower down in yon glen;
But now she cries dool and weel-a-day,
Come down the green gate, and come here away.

When bonnie young Johnie came over the sea,
He vow'd he saw naething sae lovely as *me*;
He gae me gowd rings, and mony braw things—
And were na my heart light I wad die.

His wee wilfu' tittie she loved na me;
I was taller, and twice as bonnie as she;
She raised sic a pother 'tween him and his mother,
That were na my heart light I wad die.

The day it was set for the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam and lay down to die;
She main'd and she grain'd, wi' fause dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd that he never would see me again.

His kindred sought ane of a higher degree—
Said, Wad he wed ane that was landless, like me?
Albeit I was bonnie, I was nae worth Johnie—
And were na my heart light I wad die.

They said I had neither a cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles o' drink coming through the draff,

Nor pickles o' meal running frae the mill ee—
And were na my heart light I wad die.

My lover he met me ance on the lea,
His tittie was wi' him, and hame ran she;
His mither came out wi' a shriek and a shout—
And were na my heart light I wad die.

His bonnet stood then fu' fair on his brow—
His auld ane look'd better than mony ane's new;
But now he lets 't wear ony way it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn bing.

And now he gaes daunering about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hound the tykes;
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his ee—
And were na my heart light I wad die.

O were we young now as we ance hae been,
We should hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it o'er the lily-white lea—
And were na my heart light I wad die.

To Lady Grissell Baillie, daughter of the Earl of Marchmont, we owe this popular song; but I have never heard from what impulse, whether of truth or speculation, we obtained it. It is very original, very characteristic, and very unequal. I imagine the title is old, but I have never seen any verses which seemed to correspond with the sentiment. It was printed in Allan

Ramsay's collection, and from the place which it obtained, I conclude that Allan was more than half advanced with his work before he received it. There is a curious mixture of naïveté and simplicity, of smartness of remark and lively painting, from beginning to end of the song. Public attention has lately been called to the conduct of this admirable lady by the publication of her family history—she shines as a wife and a daughter, as well as a poetess.

MYRA.

O thou, whose tender serious eyes
  Expressive speak the mind I love;
The gentle azure of the skies,
  The pensive shadows of the grove:
O, mix their bounteous beams with mine,
  And let us interchange our hearts;
Let all their sweetness on me shine,
  Pour'd through my soul be all their darts!

Ah! 'tis too much, I cannot bear
  At once so soft, so keen a ray;
In pity, then, my lovely fair,
  O turn those killing eyes away!
But what avails it to conceal
  One charm, where nought but charms I see?
Their lustre then again reveal,
  And let me, Myra, die of thee.

Thomson, with a prudence which few of the children of the Muse regard, was ever looking forward to some sunny moment when Fortune would equal his merit by her bounty. In his songs he protects himself from the immediate consequences of unguarded expressions, by complaining of her injustice:—

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate,
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from mine arms.

His love was of a gentle and considerate kind. He never was so much enraptured as to forget he was poor. Myra's beauty excelled her good name.

NOW PHŒBUS ADVANCES ON HIGH.

Now Phœbus advances on high,
Nae footsteps of winter are seen,
The birds carol sweet in the sky,
And lambkins dance reels on the green.
Through plantings, and burnies sae clear,
We wander for pleasure and health,
Where buddings and blossoms appear,
With prospects of joy and of wealth.

Go view the gay scenes all around,
That are, and that promise to be;
Yet in them a' naething is found
Sae perfect, Eliza, as thee.
Thy een the clear fountains excel,
Thy locks they outrival the grove;
When zephyrs thus pleasingly swell,
Ilk wave makes a captive to love.

The roses and lilies combin'd,
And flowers of maist delicate hue,
By thy cheek and dear breasts are outshin'd,
Their tinctures are naething sae true.
What can we compare with thy voice,
And what with thy humour sae sweet?
Nae music can bless with sic joys;
Sure angels are just sae complete.

Fair blossom of ilka delight,
Whose beauties ten thousand outshine:
Thy sweet shall be lasting and bright,
Being mix'd with sae many divine.
Ye powers, who have given sic charms
To Eliza, your image below,
O save her frae all human harms!
And make her hours happily flow.

Ramsay wrote this song to the old air of "Sae merry as we twa hae been;" and if we may believe in the antiquity of the chorus, elsewhere printed in this work,

there can be no doubt that he departed very far from the peculiar character of the ancient song. Allan was a man of such a joyous temperament, that he sometimes saw joy where others might see sorrow; and he certainly shared very moderately in that humour for weeping which has shed so much water through our modern compositions. To those who can feel a sad as well as a pleasant spirit in this air, the two songs may be acceptable. Ramsay's will teach us to enjoy what the other will teach us to despise.

O'ER THE MUIR TO MAGGY.

And I'll o'er the muir to Maggy,
Her wit and sweetness call me;
Then to my fair I'll show my mind,
Whatever may befal me:
If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing;
Or likes the Nine to follow,
I'll lay my lugs in Pindus spring,
And invocate Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,
I'll sheath my limbs in armour;
If to the softer dance inclin'd,
With gayest airs I'll charm her:

If she love grandeur, day and night
I'll plot my nation's glory,
Find favour in my prince's sight,
And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
Where wit is corresponding,
And bravest men know best to please,
With complaisance abounding.
My bonny Maggy's love can turn
Me to what shape she pleases,
If in her breast that flame shall burn,
Which in my bosom bleezes.

This is a pleasing effusion of Allan Ramsay's Muse, and has been composed in one of her happiest moods. The unwearied affection of the lover is free from whining sentiment and quaint conceit. Much older verses than these were once popular, and bore the same name; but they were less delicate than witty, and have been deservedly forgotten. Ramsay's song is a favourite—few ladies hearts could withstand a lover of such gifts and endowments—who gratified their pride by his personal homage, and their vanity by romantic promises which could not well be fulfilled.

ON MRS. A. H. AT A CONCERT.

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles,
  Hamilla! heavenly charmer;
See how with all their arts and wiles
  The Loves and Graces arm her.
A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
  Fair seats of youthful pleasures;
There love in smiling language speaks,
  There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid, I own thy pow'r,
  I gaze, I sigh, and languish,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
  And triumph in my anguish.
But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
  And let my torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the fair,
  So I the dearest love thee.

This is the second song which Crawford wrote for Ramsay's collection: the heroine was a Miss Ann Hamilton. It is directed to be sung to the tune of "The bonniest lass in a' the warld," the name of an ancient song as well as an old air: and as Ramsay and his "ingenious young gentlemen" have been repeatedly accused of casting away fine antique lyrics to make room

for their own effusions, I am compelled to quote as much of the old as may vindicate the propriety of the new:—

The bonniest lass in a' the warld,
Came to me unsent for,
She brake her shins on my bed-stock,
But she gat the thing she cam' for.

The song proceeds to describe the charms and allurements of this condescending beauty: but the rustic bard had not the spell of delicacy upon him, nor the fear of sin before him, when he wrote it, so I can quote no more.

AT SETTING DAY.

At setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit oft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst infold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shaw or fountain;

Or where the summer-day I'd share
With thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours.
A heart which cannot wander.

This very sweet song is sung by Peggy, in the "Gentle Shepherd;" and the natural thoughts and graceful expression correspond well with the love of "Maister Patrick." It is in the songs which come from Peggy's lips that Ramsay approaches nearest his other lyrics. There is a similar feeling in the following lines from the same pen:—

Ye meadows where we often strayed,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet scented ricks round which we played,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.
Again—Oh! shall I never creep
Around the knowe with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty.

I like the delicacy and true love of these lines—and true love is not very plentiful in song. In the same natural spirit the maiden reminds her heart of its earlier feelings:—

Nae mair alake, we'll on the meadow play;
And rin half breathless round the ricks of hay.

STREPHON'S PICTURE.

Ye gods! 'was Strephon's picture blest
With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast?
Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
Oh, gently throb—too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
For Strephon was the bliss design'd?
For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou, bless'd shade, that sweetly art
Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,
Ingrossing all that beauteous heav'n,
That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I lord
Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,
On these cold looks, that lifeless are;
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
With eager love and soft desire.

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'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid!
To life can bring the silent shade:
Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever loved, and loved but thee:
Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

This is another of the happy complimentary lyrics of Hamilton of Bangour: it contains a passionate burst of fancy such as he has seldom equalled, for he is in general neat, and elegant, and tender, rather than impassioned:

I cannot blame thee: were I lord
Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.

It was the pastoral affectation of the times to indulge in such names as Chloe and Strephon—names which hurt the charm of the finest lyric composition; for we cannot well persuade ourselves that such personages were ever endowed with flesh and blood. The song was written to the tune of the "Fourteenth of October," the day of St. Crispin, in whose honour, or derision, a lyric bearing that name anciently existed. Chloe was probably Jeanie Stewart, of whose rigour he complains to Mr. Home, and complains unjustly, since the lady was willing and ready to reward him.

WHEN SUMMER COMES.

When summer comes, the swains on Tweed
  Sing their successful loves;
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
  And music fills the groves.

But my loved song is then the broom
  So fair on Cowden-knowes;
For sure, so sweet, so soft a bloom
  Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tuned his oaten reed,
  And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
  Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth and Clyde,
  The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader haughs, and Leader side—
  Oh! how I bless'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
  So fair on Cowden-knowes;
For sure, so fresh, so bright a bloom
  Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,
May with this broom compare;
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden-knowes,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At e'en, amang the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed or Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my loved Cowden-knowes.

William Crawford wrote this song to the favourite air of Cowden-knowes, and though not one of his sweetest productions, he has graced his verse by introducing, in a very natural and pleasing way, the names of various places famous in story and song. The far-famed Cowden-knowes (if I may seek an earthly habitation for a place which seems to have an aërial locality, and to move at the will of the poet like the island of Laputa) are said to be near Melrose, on the river Leader. The old song, which celebrates Leader haughs and Yarrow as the residence of the Homes and Scotts, dwells on the loveliness of the place. I can prophesy that, for many a century, pilgrimages will be made to that neighbourhood; and that all the celebrity which ancient song has conferred will

fade away before the splendour which mightier works shed around the place. Our descendants will make relics of the woods of Abbotsford; and opulent antiquaries will carry away the mansion, roof, and rafter, like the miraculous church of Loretto.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Amang the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this, thy living bloom will fade,
As that will nip the vernal shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The laverock now and lintwhite sing,
The rocks around with echoes ring;

The mavis and the blackbird gay
In tuneful strains now glad the day;
The woods now wear their summer-suits;
To mirth all nature now invites:
Let us be blythsome then and gay
Among the birks of Invermay.

Behold, the hills and vales around
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters as they fall
Loudly my love to gladness call;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of Invermay.

Much controversy has arisen about the locality of this song, but no doubt has ever been expressed regarding its beauty. Mallet, who wrote the two first verses, laid the scene in Endermay, and surely the poet knew his own meaning as well as his commentators. Allan Ramsay,

however, changed it to Invermay, and the world has followed the alteration. Dr. Bryce of Kirknewton was not satisfied with the shortness of Mallet's song, and added three verses more: it must be confessed they are much in the spirit of the original. This innovation too has been approved, and Mallet goes with the double burthen to posterity, of Ramsay's amendment and Bryce's addition. The river May falls into the Erne near Duplin Castle, and on its banks, amid natural woods, stands the house of Invermay.

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON.

Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's love,
Bell dropt a tear—Bell dropt a tear;
The gods descended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear.
They heard the praises of the youth
From her own tongue—from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus she sung—and thus she sung.

Bless'd days when our ingenuous sex,
More frank and kind—more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex;
But spoke their mind—but spoke their mind.

Repenting now, I promise fair,
Wou'd he return—wou'd he return,
I ne'er again wou'd give him care,
Or cause him mourn—or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain,
Yet still thought shame—yet still thought shame,
When thou my yielding heart didst gain,
To own my flame—to own my flame?
Why took I pleasure to torment,
And seem too coy—and seem too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My slighted joy—my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
Own your desire—own your desire:
While love's young power with his soft wing
Fans up the fire—fans up the fire,
O do not with a silly pride,
Or low design—or low design,
Refuse to be a happy bride;
But answer plain—but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes—with flowing eyes.
Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
With sweet surprise—with sweet surprise—
Some god had led him to the grove;
His mind unchang'd—his mind unchang'd—
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd!

The name of this song is all that is old—neither Ramsay, who wrote it, nor perhaps any other poet, could succeed in reclaiming the ancient words from their witty indelicacy. He wisely preferred writing something new, to the thankless and laborious office of chastening down the old heathen, and rendering it fit for modest society. But I am sorry that he found it necessary to call down the gods, since a woman could have wept very satisfactorily without them; and the confession of her love is very natural and pleasing. A tasting, however, of the old lyrical morsel of our ancestors may not be unacceptable.

The bonnie lass o' Livingstone,
Ye ken her name—ye ken her name,
And she has written in her contract
To lie her lane—to lie her lane;
And I have vowed while vowing's worth—

Ye very grave and reverend ancestors of the present people of Scotland—it was well that Wedderburn abated your indelicate songs into "Gude and Godly Ballads;" for the fragments of many of your favourite lyrics, like the love letters of King Henry the Eighth, can neither be sung nor quoted.

UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

Did ever swain a nymph adore,
  As I ungrateful Nanny do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,
  Or ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
Has never wet a cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay,
  Or linger when she bid me run?
She only had the word to say,
  And all she wish'd was quickly done.
I always think of her, but she
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
  Have I not rose by break of day?
Did ever Nanny's heifers fast,
  If Robin in his barn had hay?
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny lost a sheep,
  I cheerfully did give her two;
And I her lambs did safely keep
  Within my folds in frost and snow:

Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home:
Her corn I carried to the mill;
My back did bear the sack, but she
Will never bear a sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
I'm sure they always had the best;
Within this week her pigeons have
Eat up a peck of peas at least.
Her little pigeons kiss, but she
Will never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,
And Nanny still on Robin frown?
Alas! poor wretch! what shall I do,
If Nanny does not love me soon!
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron string.

Joseph Ritson mistook this song for one of tender and pastoral import. It is a city pastoral, and abounds in the conceits common to the witty youth of a populous place. Such songs the heart of Scotland never breathed.

Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile dulness new meanders takes.

Yet affected as it is, and though the rustic population of Scotland are secure from feeling its influence, it is still a curious song, and may be preserved as the failure of an experiment to inflict conventional wit and the smartness and conceit of a town life on country pursuits and rural manners.

NANNY-O.

While some for pleasure pawn their health,
'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
I'll save myself, and without stealth
Kiss and caress my Nanny-o.
She bids more fair t'engage a Jove
Than Leda did or Danae-o.
Were I to paint the queen of love,
None else should sit but Nanny-o.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
When dancing she moves finely-o;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
Which sparkle so divinely-o.

Attend my vow, ye gods! while I
Breathe in the bless'd Britannia,
None's happiness I shall envy
As long's ye grant me Nanny-o.

My bonny, bonny Nanny-o!
My lovely, charming Nanny-o!
I care not though the world know
How dearly I love Nanny-o.

Few of Ramsay's songs present such an union of natural beauty and utter tastelessness as this. To find Lais, and Leda, and Jove, and Danaë in the neighbourhood of four such exquisite lines as the second verse commences with is very surprising. I wish he had oftener remembered the salutary promise of the old song:—

I'll bring nae simile frae Jove
My height of extacy to prove;
And sighing thus—present my love
With roses eke and lilies.

Some old verses bearing the name of this song have been communicated by John Mayne, Esq. author of "Logan braes," to the gentlemen who compiled the Lives of Eminent Scotsmen. They are very curious and very irregular; but if they are "very simple," they are not "very touching;" nor do they equal "My Nannie-o" of Burns, nor approach near the four fine lines I have

mentioned in Ramsay, which hang amid their meaner companions

Like pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

It is but fair, however, to make the old words as public as possible, and the more so, since opinions have been expressed and comparisons made.

As I came in by Embro' town
By the back o' the bonny city-o,
I heard a young man make his moan—
And O it was a pity-o.

For aye he cried his Nanny-o,
His handsome charming Nanny-o;
Nor friend, nor foe can tell, O ho,
How dearly I love Nanny-o.

Father, your counsel I wad tak;
But ye maun not be angry-o:
I'd rather hae Nanny but a plack,
Than the laird's daughter an' her hundred merk.

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.

Dumbarton's drums beat bonnie-o,
For they mind me of my dear Johnie-o.
How happy am I,
When my soldier is by,
While he kisses and blesses his Annie-o!

'Tis a soldier alone can delight me-o,
For his graceful looks do invite me-o:
While guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me-o.

My love is a handsome laddie-o,
Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudie-o:
Though commissions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year;
For he shall serve no longer a cadie-o.

A soldier has honour and bravery-o,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery-o;
He minds no other thing
But the ladies or his king;
For every other care is but slavery-o.

Then I'll be the captain's lady-o;
Farewell all my friends and my daddy-o;

I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready-o.

Dumbarton's drums sound bonnie-o,
They are sprightly like my dear Johnie-o:
How happy shall I be
When on my soldier's knee,
And he kisses and blesses his Annie-o!

In Ramsay's collection of 1724 this song appears; the name of the author is not known. There is an air of martial delight about it which has made it retain a place in popular favour. Burns remarks that "Dumbarton Drums is the last of the West Highland airs; and from Dumbarton over the whole tract of country to the confines of Tweedside, there is hardly a tune or song that one can say has taken its origin from any place or transaction in that part of Scotland. The oldest Ayrshire reel is Stewarton Lasses, which was made by the father of the present Sir Walter Montgomery Cunningham: since which period there has indeed been local music in that country in great plenty. Johnie Faa is the only old song which I could ever trace as belonging to the county of Ayr." There is an old lyric of some merit known by the name of "Peggie," which claims localization in that wide district; and several others might be mentioned.

PATIE AND PEGGY.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing een, which smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I
You're made for love, and why should ye deny?

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

Bu twhen they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye:
Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half-year.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a':
But stint your wishes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares, away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live lang day:
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed and quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day:
And if ye're wearied, honest Light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night!

Amid much homeliness of thought and occasional coarseness of language, Allan Ramsay often rose into fine bursts of fancy, and expressed himself with an ease and a dignity worthy of a poet of romance. See with what happiness he admonishes the sun to exert his speed that the bridal day may sooner come; and with what familiar, yet poetic naïveté, he gives him remission from his toil and soothes him down with the permission to sleep a week on the bridal night! This song was written for the Gentle Shepherd, the only dramatic pastoral in the language, which finds all its beauties both of manners and of character in the land where it is laid.

THE WELL TOCHER'D LASS.

I was ance a well tocher'd lass,
My mither left dollars to me;
But now I'm brought to a poor pass,
My stepdame has gart them flee.

My father he's aften frae hame,
And she plays the deil with his gear;
She neither has lawtith nor shame,
And keeps the hale house in a steer.

She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless, and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine;
While hungry, half-naked, and cauld,
I see her destroy what's mine:
But soon I might hope a revenge,
And soon of my sorrows be free,
My poortith to plenty wad change,
If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth Ringan, wha lang time had loo'd
This bonny lass tenderlie,
I'll take thee, sweet May, in thy snood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
'Tis only yoursel that I want,
Your kindness is better to me
Than a' that your stepmother, scant
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, 'tis true,
And ye are the sprout of a laird;
But I have milk cattle enow,
And routh of good rucks in my yar
Ye shall have naithing to fash ye,
Sax servants shall jouk to thee:
Then kilt up thy coats, my lassie,
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employ'd,
Not thinking the offer amiss,
Consented—while Ringan o'erjoy'd,
Receiv'd her with mony a kiss.
And now she sits blithely singan,
And joking her drunken stepdame,
Delighted with her dear Ringan,
That makes her goodwife at hame.

This song is from Allan Ramsay's collection, and is directed to be sung to the ancient air of "Gin the Kirk wad let me be." I know not if Ramsay had any knowledge of the humorous song of which this tune bears the name. The song which supplies its place bears no resemblance to it, and is something less lively than most of the old lyrics which sing of domestic affection and fireside enjoyments. Of the song of "Gin the Kirk wad let me be," several versions existed; but if they exhibited varied humour, they also showed varied grossness; and wormwood and gall as they must have been to the kirk session, their indelicacy stood in the way of their fame. The reputation which their liveliness would bring, their open grossness and their approach to profanity would destroy.

UP IN THE AIR.

Now the sun's gane out o' sight,
Beet the ingle, and snuff the light;
In glens the fairies skip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to France.
Up in the air
On my bonny gray mare,
And I see her yet, and I see her yet.

The wind's drifting hail and sna'
O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba';
Nae starns keek thro' the azure slit,
'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit.
The man i' the moon
Is carousing aboon;
D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet?

Take your glass to clear your een,
'Tis the elixir heals the spleen;
Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
And gently beets the lover's fire.
Up in the air,
It drives away care;
Have wi' you, have wi' you, have wi' you lads yet.

Steek the doors, haud out the frost,
Fill the cup, and give us your toast;

Till it lads, and lilt it out,
And let us hae a blythesome bout.
Up wi' 't! there, there!
Dinna cheat, but drink fair.
Huzza, huzza, and huzza lads yet.

When the wine is coming in, and the wit going round—and man stands on the line that separates drunkenness from sobriety, this song of Allan Ramsay's ought to be sung. The midnight hour of songs and clatter, when the spirit is up and discretion is sinking, has been hit off with infinite humour and glee. It required, perhaps, in those days, no very inordinate elevation in drink, to see witches posting through the nocturnal air; but to behold the man in the moon indulging in a deep carouse demanded a large supply of wine, and a curious fancy. We are a grave, and, perhaps, a thoughtful people, and our songs, recording the boisterous merriment and indulgence of the table, are very few; yet what we have are excellent, and seem to have been all composed under different influences of the divinity of drink.

DO THE THING WHILK I DESIRE.

Get up, gudewife, don on your claise,
And to the market make you boun,
'Tis lang time sin' your neighbours raise,
They're weel nigh gotten to the town:
See you don on your better gown,
And gar the lass big on the fire;
Dame, do not look as ye wad frown,
But do the thing whilk I desire.

I speer what haste ye hae, gudeman?
Your mither staid till ye were born;
Wad ye be at the tother cann,
To scour your throat so sune this morn;
Gude faith, I haud it but a scorn
That ye sud wi' my rising mel;
For when ye have baith said and sworn,
I'll do but what I like mysel'.

Gudewife, we maun needs hae a care
Sae lang's we wun in neighbours' raw,
Of neighbourhood to tak' a share,
And rise up when the cock does craw;
For I have heard an old said saw,
They that rise last big on the fire,
What wind or weather so ever blaw:
Dame, do the thing whilk I desire.

Nay, do you talk of neighbourhood,—
Gif I lig in my bed till noon
By nae man's shins I bake my bread,
And ye need not reck what I hae done;
Nay, look to the clouting o' ye'r shoon,
And with my rising do not mel,
For gin ye lig baith sheets aboon,
I'll do but what I will mysel'.

Gudewife, we maun needs tak' a care
To save the geer that we hae won,
Or lay awa baith plough and car,
And hang up Ring when all is done;
Then may our bairns a begging run,
To seek their mister in the mire,
So fair a thread as we hae spun:
Dame, do the thing that I require.

Gudeman, ye may weel a begging gang,
Ye seem sae weel to bear the pock:
Ye may as weel gang sune as syne,
To seek your meat amang gude folk:
In ilka house ye'se get a loak,
When ye come whar ye'r gossips dwell:—
Nay, lo you look sae like a gouk,
I'll do but what I list mysel'.

Gudewife, ye promis'd when we were wed,
That ye wad me truly obey,
Mess John can witness what ye said,
And I'll go fetch him in this day;

And gif that haly man will say
Ye'se do the thing that I desire, .
Then sal we sune end up this fray;
Dame, do the thing that I require.

I nowther care for John nor Jack,
I'll tak' my leisure at myne ease,
I care not what ye say a plack,
You may go fetch him gin ye please;
And gin ye want ane of a mease,
You may e'en fetch the deil in hell ·
I wad ye wad let your japin cease,
For I'll do but what I like mysel'.

Weel, since it will nae better be,
I'll tak' my share ere a' be gane;
The warst card in my hand sal flee,
And, faith, I wat I can shift for ane: ·
I'll sell the plew, and wad the waine,
The greatest spender sall bear the bell;
And then, when a' the goods are gane,
Dame, do the thing ye list yoursel'.

The long resistance and open rebellion of the wife—the admonitions of her husband—his clusters of proverbs relating to household management—his wish to refer the matter to the minister, and his final despair, have all combined to render this song a very particular favourite. It belongs to the same class of compositions as the "Auld Gudeman," and "Tak your auld cloak about ye."

THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

This is no my ain house,
I ken by the rigging o't;
Since with my love I've changed vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't.
For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
And mistress of his fireside,
My ain house I like to guide,
And please me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,
I gang where love invites me;
The strictest duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.
When Hymen moulds us into ane,
My Robie's nearer than my kin,
And to refuse him were a sin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in my ain house,
True love shall be at hand ay,
To make me still a prudent spouse,
And let my man command ay;
Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
The common pest of married life,
That makes ane wearied of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band ay.

Had Ramsay adhered more closely to the idea which the old song supplies, I think he would have composed a song much superior to this. But there can be no doubt that Allan shared largely in that amiable vanity which makes a man contented with his own productions. Burns has preserved some of the old verses, and more might be added. I like the picture of rustic abundance which the first verse contains, and the rude and motherly kindness of the second:

O this is no my ain house,
My ain house, my ain house;
This is no my ain house,
I ken by the biggin o't.
There's bread an' cheese in my door cheeks,
My door cheeks, my door cheeks;
There's bread an' cheese in my door cheeks,
And pancakes on the riggin o't.

But wow! this is my ain wean,
My ain wean, my ain wean;
But wow! this is my ain wean,
I ken by the greetie o't.
I'll take the curchie aff my head,
Aff my head, aff my head;
I'll take the curchie aff my head,
And row't about the feetie o't.

The tune is a popular hornpipe air, to which all the

youth of Nithsdale have danced, under the name of "Shaun truish Willighan." It is of course of highland descent.

HIGHLAND LASSIE.

The lawland maids go trig and fine,
But aft they're sour, and ever saucie:
Sae proud, they never can be kind,
Like my light-hearted highland lassie.

Than ony lass in burrows town,
Wha màke their cheeks with patches mottie,
I'd take my lassie in her gown,
Barefooted in her kilted coatie.

Beneath the broom or brekan bush,
Whene'er I kiss and court my dautie,
I'm far o'er blithe to have a wish—
My flichterin heart gangs pittie-pattie.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll sten,
With cocket gun and ratches tentie,
To drive the deer out of the den,
And feast my lass on dishes dainty.

And wha shall dare, by deed or word,
'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can draw my trusty sword,
Or frae my side whisk out a whinger?

The mountains clad in purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me—let great folk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.

The "Highland Lassie" shares with Ramsay's "Highland Laddie" in many of the words of the ancient song, and they nearly divide the chorus in common between them:

O my bonnie bonnie highland lassie,—
My lovely smiling highland lassie!
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth aye bless my lassie!

It is printed in Allan's collection, without any notice of its author, of the state in which it was found, or of its antiquity; but it carries the stamp of the year 1724 about it, and resembles, in several places, the productions of Ramsay. The free and unrestrained love which this mountaineer admires corresponds well with the license of old in the north, when men led a roving and irregular life by the wild lakes, by the wild streams, and among the wilder hills. To feed their flocks among the glens and upon the mountains, and sing of the ancient freedom

of the land and the exploits of their old heroes, was their chief occupation: their labour was little, and as little they loved it; their wants were few, and such as the arrow and the net readily supplied. I know not that the earth has any happier situations in her gift than this. Men exchange the plaiden sock for silken hose—water from the rock for wine from the cellar—and a bed of heather for a couch of down; and they look not more manly, feel not more refreshed, and sleep no sounder. Burns said—and the sensual wish was called by the Edinburgh Review "elegant hypochondriasm"—that he envied most a wild horse in the deserts of Arabia, or an oyster on the coast of Africa: the last had not a wish to gratify, and the first had not a wish ungratified.

THE MALT-MAN.

The malt-man comes on monday,
  He craves wonder sair,
Cries, Dame, come gi'e me my siller,
  Or malt ye sall ne'er get mair.
I took him into the pantry,
  And gave him some good cock-broo,
Syne paid him upon a ga'ntree,
  As hostler-wives should do.

When malt-men come for siller,
And gaugers with wands o'er soon,
Wives, tak them down to the cellar,
And clear them as I have done.
This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,
Will keep them frae making din;
The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
The snackest of a' my kin.

The malt-man is right cunning,
But I can be as slee,
And he may crack of his winning,
When he clears scores with me:
For come when he likes, I'm ready;
But if frae hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind lady,
She'll answer a bill for me.

The genuine pithy humour of this clever song is in Ramsay's best manner; the air is reckoned very old, and an air in those days (when sounds were unwelcome which conveyed no meaning) seldom went out unattired with words. This ready-witted landlady seems to have been a descendant or a friend of the far-famed wife of Whittlecockpen, in whose praise some old minstrel has sung with less delicacy than humour. They arranged the payment of their debts and entertained their visitors in the same agreeable way. Even the manner in which she proposes to charm the gauger is hereditary in her

family; and a similar spirit of good will and accommodation also belongs to the "kind lady," the owner, perhaps, of the house. I have heard this song often making wall and rafter ring again, when the liquor was plenty and the ways weary, on the night of a summer fair.

THE AULD WIFE BEYONT THE FIRE.

There was a wife wonn'd in a glen,
And she had dochters nine or ten,
That sought the house baith but and ben,
To find their mam a snishing.
The auld wife beyont the fire,
The auld wife aneist the fire,
The auld wife aboon the fire,
She died for lack of snishing.

Her mill into some hole had faun,
What recks? quoth she, let it be gaun,
For I maun hae a young goodman
Shall furnish me with snishing.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
And if ye with a younker wald,
He'll waste away your snishing.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,
O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,
Besides half blind, you have the gout,
Your mill can haud nae snishing.

Ye lie, ye limmers! cries auld Mump,
For I hae baith a tooth and stump,
And will nae langer live in dump
By wanting of my snishing.

Aweel, says Peg, that pauky slut,
Mother, if you can crack a nut,
Then we will a' consent to it,
That you shall have a snishing.

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a pistol-bullet gat;
She powerfully began to crack,
To win hersell a snishing.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
And 'tween her gums sae squeeze and row't,
While frae her jaws the slaver flow'd,
And ay she curs'd poor stumpy.

At last she gae a desperate squeeze,
Which brak the lang tooth by the neez,
And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
But she tint hopes of snishing.

She of the task began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And died for lack of snishing.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,
As soon as ye're past mark of mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
And leave aff thoughts of snishing;
Else, like this wife beyont the fire,
Ye'r bairns against you will conspire;
Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,
A young man with your snishing.

There can be little doubt that the "Auld Wife beyont the fire" has been "pruned and starched and lander'd" by Allan Ramsay; he marks it in his collection as an old song with corrections: and any one who compares the corrected songs of Ramsay with the old verses which survive in their original state will conclude that he has striven to purify the ancient song, which perhaps spoke a plainer and less mystical language. The note which he has found it necessary to add as a supplement to the text shows the embarrassment of the bard, for he explains "snishing," about which the old dame is so ludicrously clamorous, to mean, sometimes contentment, a husband, love, money, and, literally, snuff. Was there ever such allegorical confusion any where seen, except in some of our national monuments? It has its

use; it gives the more prudent reader an opportunity of escaping from a moral scruple, through the open door of any favourite figure of speech.

SWEET SUSAN.

The morn was fair, saft was the air,
All nature's sweets were springing;
The buds did bow with silver dew,
Ten thousand birds were singing:
When on the bent, with blithe content,
Young Jamie sang his marrow,
Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grass,
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace
In heavenly beauty's planted;
Her smiling een, and comely mien
That nae perfection wanted.
I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
But bless my bonny marrow;
If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet though she's fair, and has full share
Of every charm enchanting,
Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.

O bonny lass! have but the grace
To think, e'er ye gae furder,
Your joys maun flit, if ye commit
The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
And night and day affright ye;
But if ye're kind, with joyful mind
I'll study to delight ye.
Our years around with love thus crown'd,
From all things joys shall borrow;
Thus none shall be more bless'd than we
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O sweetest Sue! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wishes,
If equal love your mind can move
To grant this best of blisses.
Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
Would blast me in the blossom:
But if thou shine, and make me thine,
I'll flourish in thy bosom.

I have no better authority than tradition for ascribing this song to the pen of William Crawford. It was printed in Allan Ramsay's collection without any token of age or author; and though a pretty song, it is far inferior to the ancient song of "Leader Haughs and Yarrow," which seems to have suggested it. I am afraid that few ladies have an imagination so sensitive as to be

alarmed into love and matrimony with the terror of a visitation from their lover's ghost; and that a lover who reinforces his persuasions with threats of self-destruction, if the lady continues cruel, is in a fair way of becoming a subject for the sheriff's examination, if there be any sincerity in his nature.

IF LOVE'S A SWEET PASSION.

If love's a sweet passion, why does it torment?
If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my complaint?
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate silence I make my love known.
But oh! how I'm bless'd when so kind she does prove
By some willing mistake to discover her love;
When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleasing her beauty! how sweet are her charms!
How fond her embraces! how peaceful her arms!
Sure there is nothing so easy as learning to love,
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:

And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and wins the fair field.

I found this very pleasing song in Allan Ramsay's collection, bearing the mark denoting the author's name unknown. I have some suspicion that it is an English production; but as it has been rejected by Dr. Aikin, and other southern editors, I admit it gladly. Like a borderer of old, whose inheritance was a matter of national contest, it may rank under either the thistle or the rose. These two lines would do honour to any song:—

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,
And, by passionate silence, I make my love known.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've seen the smiling
Of fortune beguiling—
I've tasted her favours,
  And felt her decay:
Sweet is her blessing,
And kind her caressing—
But soon it is fled—
  It is fled far away.

I've seen the Forest,
Adorned the foremost
With flowers of the fairest,
Both pleasant and gay:
Full sweet was their blooming,
Their scent the air perfuming,
But now they are wither'd,
And a' wede away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning;
The rude tempest storming,
Before the mid-day:
I've seen Tweed's silver streams
Glittering in the sunny beams,
Turn drumlie and dark
As they roamed on their way.

Oh, fickle Fortune!
Why this cruel sporting?
Why thus beguile us,
Poor sons of a day?
Thy frowns cannot fear me,
Thy smiles cannot cheer me,
Since the Flowers of the Forest
Are a' wede away.

This song has found many admirers, and the subject of it has found many poets. It was written by Miss Rutherford, daughter of Rutherford of Fairnalie, in

Selkirkshire—no one has ever mentioned it without praise, and no collection is thought complete that wants it. I prefer the song on the same subject by Miss Jane Elliott—nature always surpasses art; yet the union of the two is oftentimes exceedingly graceful and engaging.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard a lilting
At our ewe-milking,
Lasses loud lilting
  Before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning
In ilka green loaning;
The Flowers of the Forest
  Are a' wede away.

At bughts in the morning,
Nae blithe lads are scorning;
The lasses are lonely,
  And dowie and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing,
But sighing and sabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglin,
  And hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearing,
Nae youths now are jeering;
Bandsters are runkled,
And lyart and gray;
At fair or at preaching,
Nae wooing, nae fleeching:
The Flowers of the Forest
Are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming,
Nae younkers are roaming
'Bout stacks, with the lasses
At bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits eerie,
Lamenting her deary—
The Flowers of the Forest
Are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order
Sent our lads to the border!
The English for ance
By guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest
That fought ay the foremost,
The prime of our land
Are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting
At the ewe-milking,

Women and bairns are
Heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning
In ilka green loaning,
The Flowers of the Forest
Are a' wede away.

This pathetic song requires neither praise nor comment; its pathos is the pathos of nature, and every heart that feels will understand it. At the period of the battle of Flodden, the Forest of Selkirk extended over part of Ayrshire and the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, and had therefore many warriors to lose on that fatal field. The fate of our gallant James seems yet dubious; but he was lost to his country, whatever became of him: the letters of the Earl of Surrey, edited by Mr. Ellis, throw some further historical light on this fatal fray. The body of the king was never identified; and the conduct of some of the Scottish leaders, during and after the battle, was sufficiently mysterious. We owe this exquisite song to Miss Jane Elliott of Minto.

POLWART ON THE GREEN.

At Polwart on the green
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do convene
To dance about the thorn,
A kindly welcome you shall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete,
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say na,
As lang as e'er they please;
Seem caulder than the sna';
While inwardly they bleeze:
But I will frankly shaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs nae to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
Amang the new-mawn hay,
With sangs and dancing keen
We'll pass the heartsome day.
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twinn'd of thine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.

Polwarth on the Green deserves a much better song: yet unimportant as the words are, they have been claimed for two different names of very different reputation. Burns says the author is John Drummond Macgregor, of the family of Bochaldie. Who informed the poet of this, it is now impossible to discover; but the verses have generally been imputed to Allan Ramsay, and are such as he might have written at an unexpected call to fill up some chasm in his collection. Allan was no scrupulous person, and his reputation could afford such drawbacks as a hasty verse might require. Such dancings on the green, and round about the thorn, have perhaps wholly ceased in Scotland since the Reformation, which silenced much of our mirth: they are still common in many places in England. I confess that the last four lines of the song seem to belong to some other poet than the author of their companions, and perhaps to an older time. This is only conjecture, and as such let it go.—Ramsay has printed the first four lines and the last four in italics, probably to denote greater antiquity than the rest of the song.

MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook:
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
But what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow?

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide world secure me from love.
Ah, fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!
Ah, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more!

Alas, 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!
Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine!
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.
Ah, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow?

Sir Gilbert Elliot, ancestor of the present Lord Minto, was the author of this very beautiful pastoral;

and we have the authority of no mean judge for saying that the poetical mantle of Sir Gilbert has descended to his family. 'It is among the last and best efforts of the Muse of the sheep-pipe and crook, and possesses more nature than commonly falls to the lot of those elegant and affected songs, which awake a Sicilian rather than a Scottish echo.

The old words, which were sung to the tune of "My apron, dearie," could hardly suggest so sweet and so delicate a song. I will try to pick out a passable verse as a specimen of the old song, which bestowed a name on this popular air:—

O, had I ta'en counsel of father or mother,
Or had I advised with sister or brother!
But a saft and a young thing, and easy to woo,
It makes me cry out, my apron, now.
My apron, deary, my apron now,
The strings are short of my apron, now.
A saft thing, a young thing, and easy to woo,
It makes me cry out, my apron, now.

I am not even certain that these words, old as they are, and bearing the stamp of a ruder age, are the oldest which were sung to the air. I have heard a song of still ruder rhyme, and of equal freedom; and I think I can find as much of it as may enable the reader to judge, without deeply offending against delicacy:—

Low, low down in yon meadow so green,
I met wi' my laddie at morning and e'en—
Till my stays grew strait—wadna meet by a span,
Sae I went to my laddie and tauld him than.

The conversation which ensues is too confidential for quotation.

MY DEARIE IF THOU DIE.

Love never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee,
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me,
Without thee I can never live,
My dearie if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray:
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs, the silent day.

I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see;
Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
With Cupid's raving rage;
But thine, which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.
'Twas this, that like the morning sun,
Gave joy and life to me;
And when its destin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasure share;
You who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair:
Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me!
Oh! never rob them from these arms—
I'm lost if Peggy die.

When Crawford wrote these words, it is not certain that he knew more of the old song which gave the name to his own than the single line which has descended to the present times, "My dearie an thou die." Burns briefly remarks, "Another beautiful song of Crawford's." Cupid might have been spared from the third verse, and the flames of love from the fourth: but he was

no regular dealer in darts and flames, like the poets of his time—his failings were more in the pastoral way, and we have few lyrics of a purer or more natural or more graceful character, than those which he composed.

FOR EVER, FORTUNE, WILT THOU PROVE.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love?
And when we meet a mutual heart
Come in between and bid us part?
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish and wish the soul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone?

But busy busy still art thou
To bind the loveless, joyless vow—
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign—
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

This beautiful complaint against the caprice of fortune

was written by James Thomson; and the name by which it is commonly known is "Logan Water," though neither by allusion nor circumstance can such locality be claimed for it. The last four lines of the first verse, and the first four lines of the second, contain all that can be urged concerning the disappointment of youthful affection; and many a heart will respond to their pathetic complaint. This song first appeared united to the air of "Logan Water," in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725.

MY LOVE ANNIE'S VERY BONNIE.

What numbers shall the Muse repeat?
  What verse be found to praise my Annie?
On her ten thousand graces wait,
  Each swain admires, and owns she's bonnie.
Since first she trod the happy plain
  She sets each youthful heart on fire;
Each nymph does to her swain complain
  That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
  This new delight, this charming Annie,
Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
  When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.

All day the amorous youths convene,
Joyous they sport and play before her;
All night, when she no more is seen,
In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
His rising sighs express his flame,
His words were few, his wishes many.
With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
Alas! your love must be deny'd,
This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
He stole away my virgin heart;
Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.
Some brighter beauty you may find;
On yonder plain the nymphs are many:
Then choose some heart that's unconfin'd,
And leave to Damon his own Annie.

I have a strong belief that the name of this song should be "Annan Water;" a fine ballad of that name will be found in this work, with many marks of antiquity about it, and possessing the line, "O, my love Annie's very bonnie." Burns was informed that the honour belonged to Allan Water, in Strathallan; but what I have said seems nearly decisive of the question.

Annan Water is no vulgar stream: it is noticed by Collins in his admirable Ode on the Superstitions of Scotland, in the lays of Sir Walter Scott, and it runs smooth in many a lesser song. The banks, which in many places are very romantic, were in ancient times so thickly clothed with wood, that it was the vaunt of a Halliday, a warlike laird of Corehead, that he could let his deer-dog into the wood at his own door, and it would never run off the land of a Halliday, nor be seen for wood till it came out at the firth of Solway—a fair inheritance. This is one of Crawford's songs. It offers violence to propriety in seeking to unite Amyntor in wedlock with Annie—but after she could fall in love with Damon, she was capable of any foolish thing.

I HAD A HORSE.

I had a horse, and I had nae mair,
I gat him frae my daddy;
My purse was light, and my heart was sair,
But my wit it was fu' ready.
And sae I thought me on a time,
Outwittens of my daddy,
To fee mysel' to a lowland laird,
Wha had a bonnie lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began;
Madam be not offended,
I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
And care not though ye kend it:
For I get little frae the laird,
And far less frae my daddy,
And I wad blithely be the man
Wad strive to please his lady.

She read the letter and she leugh—
Ye needna been sae blate, man,
You might hae come to me yoursel',
And tauld me o' your state, man:
You might hae come to me yoursel',
Outwittens of ony body,
And made John Goukstone of the laird,
And kiss'd his bonnie lady.

Then she pat siller in my purse;
We drank wine in a cogie;
She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
And wow, but I was vogie!
But I gat ne'er sae sair a fleg
Since I came frae my daddy;
The laird came rap rap to the yett
When I was wi' his lady.

Then she put me behint a chair,
And happ'd me wi' a plaidie;

But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
And wish'd me wi' my daddie.
The laird gaed out, he saw na me,
I gaed when I was ready:
I promis'd, but I ne'er went back
To see his bonnie lady.

Burns in his notes says, "A John Hunter, ancestor to a very respectable farming family who live at Barr-mill, in the parish of Galston in Ayrshire, was the luckless hero who 'Had a horse, and had nae mair:' for some little youthful follies he found it necessary to make a retreat to the West Highlands, where he fee'd himself to a highland laird—for that is the expression of all the oral editions of the song I ever heard. The present Mr. Hunter who told me the anecdote is the great-grandchild of our hero." This note was written in 1795, twenty years after the publication of the song by David Herd. It seems surprising that such a song failed to obtain an earlier place in some of our collections, for it is an original and clever production.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn:
He sung with so saft and enchanting a sound,
That Sylvans and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Though young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring;

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth:
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea;

That mamma's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:
Then, sighing, he wished, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

The beauty of the air and the happiness of the subject have united in giving popularity to a song which cannot rank high as poetry, and which outrages all superstitious knowledge by a dance of Sylvans and Fairies. Ramsay seems to have admired the air, since he wrote another song in the same measure for the "Gentle Shepherd," in which he has imitated the dramatic form of the earlier words, and imitated them with some success. One of the verses is valuable, since we may suppose it records the poet's favourite songs:

Our Jenny sings saftly the "Cowden-broom knowes,"
And Rosie lilts sweetly the "Milking the Ewes;"
There's few "Jenny Nettles" like Nansie can sing,
At "Through the wood, Laddie!" Bess gars our lugs ring:
But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
"The Boatman," "Tweed Side," and "The Lass of the Mill,"
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasant to me,
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

CORN-RIGGS ARE BONNY.

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.
His shape is handsome, middle size;
He's stately in his walking;
The shining of his een surprise;
'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing;
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a-glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny!

Let maidens of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastely should be granting;
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late
Where corn-riggs are bonny.

Ramsay has been laughed at for the rhyme of the second line of the first verse. It is dangerous to cavil at words: in one of Burns's best songs we have him wishing, in honour of his love, that the flowers may be ever fair, and the waters never "drumlie;"—a word more objectionable than Ramsay's, since it is used in a pathetic song. This song belongs to the "Gentle Shepherd;" the air is old, and there were words of far greater antiquity than Allan's, which wanted some skilful and cunning hand to render them fit for modest company. The following lines formed the chorus; and if I remember right, the chorus of every verse was a variation from its predecessor, of which we have an example in too few songs:

O corn-riggs and barley-riggs,
And corn-riggs are bonnie;
And gin ye meet a winsome quean,
Gae kiss her kind and cannie.

The London wags who compiled a work called "Mirth and Wit" abused the sweetness of this fine old air by compelling it to carry the burthen of some very silly verses, written in that kind of singular slang which a citizen uses when he thinks he speaks Scotch.

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROWE.

As I came down through Cannobie,
Through Cannobie, through Cannobie,
The summer sun had shut his ee,
And loud a lass did sing-o:
Ye westlin winds, all gently blow,—
Ye seas, soft as my wishes flow,—
And merry may the shallop rowe
That my true love sails in-o!

My love has breath like roses sweet,
Like roses sweet, like roses sweet,
And arms like lilies dipt in weet,
To fold a maiden in-o.
There's not a wave that swells the sea,
But bears a prayer and wish frae me;—
O soon may I my truelove see,
Wi' his bauld bands again-o!

My lover wears a bonnet blue,
A bonnet blue, a bonnet blue;
A rose so white, a heart so true,
A dimple on his chin-o.

He bears a blade his foes have felt,
And nobles at his nod have knelt:
My heart will break as well as melt,
Should he ne'er come again-o.

An imperfect copy of this song found its way into Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.—It started thus:

As I came down the Cannogate,
The Cannogate, the Cannogate;
As I came down the Cannogate,
I heard a lassie sing-o:
O merry may the keel rowe,
The keel rowe, the reel rowe;
Merry may the keel rowe—
The ship that my love's in-o!

The picture of her love which the heroine draws seems to be that of the Pretender; at all events, the white rose of the Stuarts marks it for a Jacobite song.

THE BONNY SCOT.

Ye gales, that gently wave the sea,
And please the canny boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scot-man!
In haly bands
We join'd our hands,
Yet may not this discover,
While parents rate
A large estate
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I'd lieuer choose in Highland glens
To herd the kid and goat, man,
Ere I cou'd for sic little ends
Refuse my bonny Scot-man.
Wae worth the man,
Wha first began
The base ungenerous fashion—
Frae greedy views,
Love's art to use,
While strangers to its passion!

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haste to thy langing lassie,
Wha pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
And in her bosom hawse thee!

Love gi'es the word,
Then haste on board!—
Fair winds and tenty boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er,
Frae yonder shore,
My blithe, my bonny Scot-man!

This is a lyric of ardent passion embodied in very pleasant strains. The constant and disinterested attachment of the "langing lassie" is finely portrayed; and that easy and winning simplicity, which lends the sweetest grace to song, is happily diffused over all.—Ramsay was seldom possessed by intense and rapturous enthusiasm; with him, love was a prudent and reasonable emotion. He calls the song the "Bonny Scot," to the tune of the "Boatman;" but the ancient verses which belonged to the melody have long since been lost. "Scotman" has always seemed to me a clumsy compound, and not very intelligible. The air presents many obstructions to facility of composition, and Ramsay, in several of his songs, was not over solicitous about liquid ease and harmonious grace of expression. A singer, formerly, overcame such difficulties with the voice as would not be tolerated now. We are more correct, but far less natural.

I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THEE.

My sweetest May, let love incline thee,
T' accept a heart which he designs thee;
And as your constant slave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulness reward it.
'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonny;
Receive it then with a kiss and a smily,
There's my thumb, it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are!
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
That, when in pools I see thee clean 'em,
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain!
Though kith and kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks lest they shou'd wander;
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll daute thee gaylie,
And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,
To haud thy wooer up aye niff naffin.
That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
O say, yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

This song is the composition of Allan Ramsay, but on perusing it the fancy is borne away to a far earlier period, and the name of the air suggests a lyric which may have made the heroes of Otterburn or Flodden smile. Indeed if Ramsay knew the old song, and composed his verses on the principle of purity which he states in his preface, there is an end to my lamentation; for if the old words exceeded his by a shade or so in indelicacy, it was wise in our ancestors to forget them. There is a curious remnant of ancient manners recorded in the song—presenting the thumb to be touched, as a pledge of perfect sincerity. It is known among rustics by the name of "lick thumb." At school all the little bargains which the boys make with each other are sealed by this mystic ceremony. Each wets his thumb with his tongue, then they join them together, then hook them into each other, and finally both ratify all in rhyme:

Ring thumbs, ring the bell—
Them that rue first gang to hell.

In Johnson's Musical Museum may be found a song as old as Ramsay's, adapted to the same air, which seems a half English and half Scottish production. In the same work there is a song called "Sweetest May," written by Burns. Part is a parody on Allan's song, and what is not parodied is borrowed:

Sweetest May, let love inspire thee—
Take a heart which he designs thee:

As thy constant slave regard it;
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money;—
Not the wealthy, but the bonnie,—
Not high born, but noble minded,
In love's silken band can bind it.

PEGGY AND PATIE.

When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue heather-bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet-rising fells,
Nae birns, brier, or bracken gave trouble to me,
If I found but the berries right ripen'd for thee.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was aye fain:
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me,
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Our Jenny sings saftly the "Cowden Broom-knowes,"
And Rosie lilts sweetly the "Milking the Ewes;"

There's few "Jenny Nettles" like Nancy can sing;
With "Thro' the wood, Laddie," Bess gars our lugs
ring:

But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill
The "Boat-man," "Tweedside," or the "Lass of the
Mill,"
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire,
With praises sae kindly increasing love's fire!
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

The pastoral accuracy of this song is its chief commendation—the nature is the nature with which we are familiar, and all the imagery and allusions pertain to Scotland. This is a praise which we cannot extend to some far cleverer songs. Ramsay was born in a district which gave him an early acquaintance with the sharp birn and the blae heather-bell;—the ewe-bughts and the milking-pails were presented sooner to his eye than corn-riggs waving yellow. This is one of the songs in the "Gentle Shepherd."

THE BOB OF DUMBLANE.

Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripling kame;
For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the Bob of Dumblane.
Haste ye, gang to the ground of your trunkies,
Busk ye braw, and dinna think shame;
Consider in time, if leading of monkies
Be better than dancing the Bob of Dumblane.

Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
And take my word and offer again;
Syne ye may chance to repent it meikle,
Ye did na accept the Bob of Dumblane.
The dinner, the piper, and priest shall be ready,
And I'm grown dowie with lying my lane;
Away then, leave baith minny and daddy,
And try with me the Bob of Dumblane.

When Burns passed through Dumblane, he had the good fortune to find an old lady, at one of the principal inns, who had the courage to repeat some of the words of the old song, which the verses of Allan Ramsay superseded.

"Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripling kame;
My heckle is broken, it canna be gotten,
And we'll gae dance the Bob-o-Dumblane.

Twa gaed to the wood, to the wood, to the wood,
Twa gaed to the wood, three came hame;
An' it be nae weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit,
An' it be nae we'll bobbit, we'll bob it again."

"I insert this song," says the poet, "to introduce the following anecdote, which I have heard well authenticated. At the close of the battle of Dumblane, a Scottish officer observed to the Duke of Argyle, that he was afraid the Rebels would give out to the world that they had won the victory. 'Weel, weel,' said his Grace, alluding to the foregoing ballad, 'if they think it be nae weel bobbit—we'll bob it again." 'This is not one of the cleverest of Ramsay's productions; nor has he been able to escape wholly from the influence of the original: he laboured hard to keep within the limits of delicacy, but few will have the charity to think he has succeeded.

HAP ME WITH THY PETTICOAT.

O Bell, thy looks have kill'd my heart!
I pass the day in pain;
When night returns, I feel the smart,
And wish for thee in vain.
I'm starving in cold, while thou art warm:
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charm
Ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms;
Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
Present thee to my arms.
But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Those pleasures, which can only cure
This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just reward that's due to love,
And let true passion die.

Oh! turn, and let compassion seize
That lovely breast of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me ease,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine;
And thou'rt too good its law to slight,
By hind'ring the design.
May all the pow'rs of love agree
At length to make thee mine,
Or loose my chains, and set me free
From ev'ry charm of thine!

This is certainly far from being one of Allan Ramsay's happiest songs, and I have introduced it for the purpose of saying something about the cause of his failure, and the character of the song which he sought to supplant. The ancient song of "Hap me wi' thy petticoat," like the song of "O! to be lying beyond thee," and many others, which delighted a ruder and less fastidious age, was more lively than delicate—was more kind than chaste; and every verse concluded by repeating the wish which gives the present name to the air. To express such a wish in elegant and decorous language might have been Allan's desire; but there was a difficulty in managing this very interesting garment, which he could not overcome; and every one must feel that he has touched it with a very awkward and unskilful hand.

The song which Lord Woodhouselee heard sung in the country, by nurses who wished to soothe their babes to sleep, was probably a parody on the verses which Ramsay had in his mind when he wrote this song. The old words began—

O hap me wi' thy petticoat,
My ain kind thing.

HOW CAN I BE BLITHE?

How can I be blithe and glad,
Or in my mind contented be,
When the bonnie lad whom I love best
Is banish'd frae my companie?
Though he be banished for my sake,
His true-love shall I still remain;
O that I was, and I wish I was,
With thee, my own true-love again!

I dare but wish for thee, my love,
My thoughts I may not, dare not speak;
My maidens wonder why I sigh,
And why the bloom dies on my cheek.

If thoughts of thee be sin in me,
O, deep am I in shame and sin;
O that I was, and I wish I was,
In the chamber where my love is in!

Another version of this song may be found in Wotherspoon's collection, very contradictory and corrupt. It seems to have been made up by an unskilful hand, from some old fragments. One of the verses condemns all innocent indulgence in the first two lines, but relaxes much in the two which succeed.

Kissing is but a foolish fancy,
It brings two lovers into sin—
O that I was, and I wish I was,
In the chamber where my love is in!

HARD IS THE FATE.

Hard is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely list'ning plain!

Oh, when she blesses next your shade,
Oh, when her footsteps next are seen
In flow'ry tracks along the mead,
In freshen mazes o'er the green;

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear!
Oh, tell her what she cannot blame,
Though fear my tongue must ever bind;
Oh, tell her, that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd!

Not her own guardian-angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own thoughts in prayer.
But if at first her virgin fear
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear—
True love and friendship are the same.

This tender and elegant lyric was written by James Thomson—every body's James Thomson—the author of the Seasons. He shines less in song than in loftier compositions—his verses are fine and polished, but they want the ready, native, and original grace of language which is so peculiar to Scottish song.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

As I sat at my spinning-wheel,
A bonny lad was passing by:
I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
For troth he had a glancing eye.
My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With looks all kindness he drew near,
And still mair lovely did appear;
And round about my slender waist
He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd:
To kiss my hand syne down did kneel,
As I sat at my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers lang and small,
And said, there was nae lady fair
That ever could with me compare.
These words into my heart did steal,
But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
Yet he wad never be denied,
But still declar'd his love the mair,
Until my heart was wounded sair:

That I my love could scarce conceal,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnels and my spinning-wheel;
He bade me leave them all with speed,
And gang with him to yonder mead.
My yielding heart strange flames did feel,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid,
And whisper'd, Rise, my bonny maid,
And with me to yon hay-cock go,
I'll teach thee better wark to do.
In troth I loo'd the motion weel,
And loot alane my spinning-wheel.

Amang the pleasant cocks of hay,
Then with my bonny lad I lay;
What lassie, young and saft as I,
Could sic a handsome lad deny?
These pleasures I cannot reveal,
That far surpast the spinning-wheel.

This old free song is from Ramsay's collection—and if love triumphs over household rule and domestic industry, the success is very natural and very common.

MY MITHER'S AY GLOWRIN O'ER ME.

My mither's ay glowrin o'er me,
Though she did the same before me;
I canna get leave
To look at my love,
Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak ye'r offer,
Sweet sir—but I'll tine my tocher;
Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
And wyte ye'r poor Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty
Of siller and plenishing dainty;
Yet he's unco swear
To twin wi' his gear—
And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag weel o' ye'r land,
And there's my leal hand—
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

This song is a felicitous and natural expression of every-day feeling; but it lacks that luxuriant warmth

of fancy that sheds a poetic glow over the young laird's address. The maiden is too prosaic: she looks as if she had chanted her answer while under the chilling influence of her "Mither's glowre." Ramsay, indeed, does not often give us that pure extract of the heart which old Daniel mentions as constituting the very soul of poesy; for he writes not so much from the overflowings of a wayward and sprightly fancy as from the treasured riches of a retentive memory, and an acute observation of his fellow men and of social manners: he is, in short, the poet of mind rather than of nature, and delineates always with a correct and lively, and sometimes with a satiric and humorous pen, the thoughts, and feelings, and conceptions which are peculiar to youthful and amorous spirits.

CAKES O' CROUDY.

Clunie the deddy, and Rethy the monkey,
Leven the hero, and little Pitcunkie:
O where shall ye see, or find such a soudy?
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Deddy on politics dings all the nation,
As well as Lord Huffie does for his discretion;
And Crawford comes next with his Archie of Levy,
Wilkie, and Webster, and Cherry-trees Davy.

There's Greenock, there's Dickson, Houston of that ilkie,
For statesmen, for taxmen, for soldiers—what think ye?
Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

There's honest Mass Thomas, and sweet Geordie Brodie,
Weel ken'd William Veitch and Mass John Goudy,
For preaching, for drinking, for playing at noudy—
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

There's Semple for pressing the grace on young lasses;
There's Hervey and Williamson, two sleeky asses;
They preach well, and eat well, and play well at noudy—
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Bluff Mackey for lying, lean Lawrence for griping;
Grave Burnet for stories, Dalgleish for his piping;
Old Ainslie the prophet for leading a dancie,
And Borland for cheating the tyrant of Francie.

There's Menie the daughter, and Willie the cheater,
There's Geordie the drinker, and Annie the eater—
Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Next come our statesmen—these blessed reformers!
For lying, for drinking, for swearing enormous—
Argyle and brave Morton, and Willie my lordie—
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

My curse on the grain of this hale reformation,
The reproach of mankind and disgrace of our nation:
Deil hash them, deil smash them, and make them a soudy;
Knead them like bannocks, and steer them like croudy.

This song was written by Lord Newbottle, in the year 1688, and published by James Hogg in his Jacobite relics. There is some liveliness about it; but, like all lyrics concerning the heroes of the day, it is obscure without illustration; and illustration cannot confer eminence on men not naturally eminent. Of Leven the hero, it is said, that he whipped Lady Mortonhall with his whip; and the indiscretion of the Rev. David Williamson with the daughter of Lady Cherrytrees is recorded by William Meston, in some biting and indecorous lines. The fine genius of Burnet could not save him from the scoff of our noble ballad-maker; and the conduct of the Prince and Princess of Orange and the Princess of Denmark is open to the censure or the praise of posterity. They who praise them must wilfully forget their ties of nature with the king they dethroned; and those who censure must suppose that they had no love of religion or country about them. Some of the song seems not so old as the Revolution.

KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE.

Kenmure's on and awa, Willie,
Kenmure's on and awa;
And Kenmure's lord is the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.
Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,
Success to Kenmure's band;
There's no a heart that fears a Whig
E'er rides by Kenmure's hand.

O, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
O, Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their foes shall ken.
They'll live and die wi' fame, Willie,
They'll live and die wi' fame;
And soon wi' sound of victory
May Kenmure's lads come hame.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward of Kenmure's blood,
Nor yet of Gordon's line.
His lady's cheek grew red, Willie,
Syne white as sifted snaw:
There rides my lord, a Gordon gude,
The flower of Gallowa.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
A bright sword in his hand—
A hundred Gordons at his side,
And hey for English land!
Here's him that's far awa, Willie,
Here's him that's far awa;
And here's the flower that I love best,
The rose that's like the snaw.

The "Gordon's line" has lately been restored to the honours of which it was deprived by the unfortunate hero of this lyric. The Galloway Gordons, a numerous and opulent race, rejoiced on the occasion, after the manner of Scotland, with feast and dance and song. The story of William Gordon, Viscount Kenmure, is matter of history. He left Galloway with two hundred horsemen well armed; and joining the Earl of Derwentwater, advanced to Preston with the hope of being reinforced by the English Jacobites, a numerous, but an irresolute body. Here the rebel chiefs were attacked by General Carpenter: their sole resource was in their courage; and this seems to have failed some of them—the result need not be told. Kenmure was beheaded on Tower-hill.—It is said of the present viscount's mother, a proud Mackenzie, that she refrained from acknowledging in the usual way the presence of his late Majesty on the terrace-walk of Windsor; and walked loftily past, rustling her silks with a becoming dignity. The King found a cure for this: he sent his compliments, and said he honoured those who were stedfast in their principles.

The lady's pride submitted—for when did a monarch pay a compliment in vain?

I have endeavoured to give an accurate copy of this favourite song. It is of Galloway origin, with a few touches by Burns and other hands; and more verses might be added.

KILLICRANKIE.

Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare hae ye been sae brankie-o?
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Came ye by Killicrankie-o?
An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wadna be sae cantie-o;
An ye had seen what I hae seen,
On the braes of Killicrankie-o.

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my auntie-o;
But I met the devil and Dundee
On the braes o' Killicrankie-o.
The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
And Clavers gat a clankie-o,
Else I had fed an Athol gled,
On the braes o' Killicrankie-o.

O fie, Mackay! what gart ye lie
I' the bush ayont the brankie-o?
Ye'd better kiss'd King Willie's loof,
Than come to Killicrankie-o.
It's nae shame, it's nae shame—
It's nae shame to shank ye-o;
There's sour slaes on Athol braes,
And deils at Killicrankie-o.

Of John Grahame, of Claverhouse, much has been written and much said; and over his fall at Killicrankie the Cameronians have shouted, and the Jacobites mourned. The former recognised him by the name of the Bloody Claver'se, imagined he had entered into a covenant with the enemy of mankind, and finally slew him with a silver button, for he was supposed to be proof against lead and steel: the latter admired him as a man bold and chivalrous, devoted to their cause, a soldier of no common capacity, and in whose untimely death they saw the downfall of their hopes. He was certainly a gallant commander, but a relentless and unsparing one; and his conduct in the Persecution has called all the generous and noble qualities in question which his admirers have assigned him. Sir Walter Scott has painted a stern and unbending hero, who shed human blood with as little compunction as one would drain a fen, and who thought all nobleness of nature was confined to the cavaliers. James Hogg pulled him down from this high station, made him a contemptible stabber and oppressor, and gave him a thirst for blood, which

was often allayed, but never appeased. The latter is far wrong, nor am I sure that the former is quite right. His death was according to his character—he was following the vanquished enemy, and shouting and calling his men onward, with his sword waving over his head, when he received a ball under his arm, and instantly fell. He lived only till he wrote a short account of his victory to King James, and was buried at Blair Athol.

KING WILLIAM'S MARCH.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' frae hame,
Wi' a budget at his back,
An' a wallet at his wame:
But some will sit on his seat,
Some will eat of his meat,
Some will stand i' his shoon,
Or he come again.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' to ride,
Wi' a bullet in his bortree,
And a shable by his side;
But some will whyte wi' Willie's knife,
Some will kiss Willie's wife—
Some will wear his bonnet,
Or he come again.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' to sail,
Wi' water in his waygate,
An' wind in his tail;
Wi' his back boonermost,
An' his kyte downermost,
An' his flype hindermost,
Fighting wi' his tail.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' to fight;
But fight dog, fight bane,
Willie will be right:
An' he'll do, what weel he may,
An' has done for mony a day,—
Wheel about, an' rin away,
Like a wally wight.

O saw ye Daddy Duncan
Praying like to cry?
Or saw ye Willie Wanbeard
Lying in the rye?
Wi' his neb boonermost,
An' his doup downermost,
An' his flype hindermost,
Like a Pesse pie!

In ridiculing the martial prowess of King William, the author of this song has drawn a very ungracious

picture of his person, and represented him as suffering by sea-sickness on his way to Ireland. James Hogg supposes it to be from the pen of some waggish cavalier, and says he has often heard the two first verses sung as an interlude in a nursery tale. The song is whimsical rather than humorous: to ridicule William's prowess, was to attack him where he was least vulnerable—his courage, as less questionable than his military capacity. Like many other Jacobite effusions, it begins with hope, and concludes with prophecy; but the true spirit of prophecy had long before passed out of song, and the Stuarts were gone—never to return.

LAMENT FOR LORD MAXWELL.

Green Nithisdale, make moan, for thy leaf's in the fa',
The lealest of thy warriors are drapping awa';
The rose in thy bonnet, that flourished sae and shone,
Has lost its white hue, and is faded and gone!
Our matrons may sigh, our hoary men may wail,—
He's gone, and gone for ever, the Lord of Nithisdale!
But those that smile sweetest may have sadness ere lang,
And some may mix sorrow with their merry merry sang.

Full loud was the merriment among our ladies a',
They sang in the parlour and danced in the ha'—
O Jamie's coming hame again to chase the Whigs awa':
But they cannot wipe the tears now so fast as they fa'.
Our lady dow do nought now but wipe aye her een—
Her heart's like to burst the gold-lace o' her gown;
Men silent gaze upon her, and minstrels make a wail—
O dool for our brave warrior, the Lord of Nithsdale!

Wae to thee, proud Preston!—to hissing and to hate
I give thee: may wailings be frequent at thy gate!
Now eighty summer shoots of the forest I have seen,
To the saddle-lapps in blude i' the battle I hae been,
But I never ken'd o' dool till I ken'd it yestreen.
O that I were laid where the sods are growing green!—
I tint half mysel' when my gude lord I did tine—
He's a drop of dearest blood in this auld heart of mine.

By the bud of the leaf, by the rising of the flower,—
By the sang of the birds, where some stream tottles o'er,
I'll wander awa' there, and big a wee bit bower,
To hap my gray head frae the drap and the shower;
And there I'll sit and moan till I sink into the grave,
For Nithsdale's bonnie Lord—ay the bravest of the brave!—
O that I lay but with him, in sorrow and in pine,
And the steel that harms his gentle neck wad do as much for mine!

The hero of this song, the Earl of Nithsdale, was taken prisoner, along with Viscount Kenmure and many other noblemen, at Preston in Lancashire, and sentenced to be beheaded. His countess, a lady of great presence of mind, contrived and accomplished his escape from the Tower.—Her fortitude, her patience, and her intrepidity are yet unrivalled in the history of female heroism. A letter from the Countess, containing a lively and circumstantial account of the Earl's escape, is in Terreagles House in Nithsdale, dated from Rome in the year 1718. From the woman's cloak and hood, in which the Earl was disguised, the Jacobites of the north formed a new token of cognizance—all the ladies who favoured the Stuarts wore "Nithsdales," till fashion got the better of political love. I wish the royal clemency had extended to the ancient and noble name of Maxwell, when other names were restored to their honours. The house of Nithsdale is the representative of a numerous class in Dumfriesshire and Galloway. An old man once counted to me forty gentlemen's families, all of the name of Maxwell.—They are less numerous now.

WHAT NEWS TO ME, CUMMER.

Now what news to me, Cummer,—
Now what news to me?
Enough o' news, quo' the Cummer,
The best that God can gie.
Has the Duke hanged himsel, Gummer,—
Has the Duke hanged himsel,
Or taken frae the other Willie
The hottest nook o' hell?

The Duke's hale and fier, carle,—
The blacker be his fa'!
But our gude Lord of Nithsdale
He's won frae 'mang them a'.
Now bring me my bonnet, Cummer,—
Bring me my shoon;
I'll gang and meet the gude Nithsdale,
As he comes to the town.

Alake the day! quo' the Cummer,—
Alake the day! quoth she;
He's fled awa' to bonnie France,
Wi' nought but ae pennie!
We'll sell a' our corn, Cummer,—
We'll sell a' our bear;
And we'll send to our ain lord
A' our sett gear.

Make the piper blaw, Cummer—
Make the piper blaw;
And let the lads and lasses both
Their souple shanks shaw.
We'll a' be glad, Cummer,—
We'll a' be glad;
And play "The Stuarts back again,"
To make the Whigs mad.

This rude song of welcome was first printed in the Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song. The second line of the second verse gives me occasion to notice a mistake made by Lord Byron, in one of his latest works, where he speaks so fondly of Scotland, and recalls the scenes where he had passed his youth. He quotes a rhyming proverb:

Brig of Balgonie,
Black be yere wa'!
Wi' a wife's ae wean,
And a mare's ae foal,
Down shall ye fa'.

His lordship should have written—

Brig of Balgonie,
Black be yere fa'!

"Black be yere fa', or fate," is a common execration; the word "fa'," the Scottish synonyme of "fate," had

perhaps puzzled and misled the noble poet. In his poem he renders the mistake incurable, where he sings of "Balgonie's brig's black wall."

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

By yon castle wa', at the close o' the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was gray;
And as he was singing, the tears they down came,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars:
We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame

This very beautiful song is from the pen of Burns,

inspired in some small degree by an old fragment of the same character and on the same subject. It first appeared in Johnson's Musical Museum. The last four lines of the first verse belong to the old fragment. The subdued and sedate sorrow of the old man's lamentation is very touching—the love for his lost children, and for his ancient line of kings, lends an interest national and domestic, which is not surpassed in any of the songs of that unhappy cause.

DERWENTWATER.

O, Derwentwater's a bonnie lord,
He wears gowd in his hair,
And glenting is his hawking e'e
Wi' kind love dwelling there.
Yestreen he came to our lord's yett,
And loud loud could he ca',
Rise up, rise up, for good King James,
And buckle, and come awa.

Our ladie held by her gude lord,
Wi' weel love-locket hands;
But when young Derwentwater came,
She loos'd the snawy bands.

And when young Derwentwater kneel'd,
My gentle fair ladie!
The tears gave way to the glow o' luve
In our gude ladie's e'e.

I will think me on this bonnie ring,
And on this snawy hand,
When on the helmy ridge o' weir
Comes down my burly brand.
And I will think on thae links o' gowd
Which ring thy bright blue een,
When I wipe off the gore o' weir,
And owre my braid sword lean.

O never a word our ladie spake,
As he press'd her snawy hand;
And never a word our ladie spake,
As her jimpy waist he spann'd;
But, O my Derwentwater! she sighed,
When his glowing lips she fand.

He has drapp'd frae his hand the tassel o' gowd
Which knots his gude weir-glove,
And he has drapp'd a spark frae his een
Which gars our ladie love.
Come down, come down, our gude lord says,
Come down, my fair ladie;
O dinna young Lord Derwent stop,
The morning sun is hie.

And high high raise the morning sun,
Wi' front o' ruddie blude—
Thy harlot front, frae the white curtain,
Betokens naething gude.
Our ladie look'd frae the turret top
As lang as she could see;
And every sigh for her gude lord,
For Derwent there were three.

I believe there is no traditional testimony to support the surmise of the poet, that the wife of one of the Jacobite chiefs had a criminal regard for the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater. He was a young and brave and generous nobleman, and his fate was vehemently lamented in the north of England. The aurora borealis, which appeared then for the first time, and shone remarkably vivid on the night of his execution, is still known in the north by the name of Lord Derwentwater's lights. A very beautiful song is popularly known by the title of "Lord Derwentwater's good night."

And fare thee well, my bonnie gray steed,
That carried me ay sae free,
I wish I had been asleep in my bed,
The last time I mounted thee:
The warning bell now bids me cease,
My trouble's nearly o'er;
Yon sun now rising from the sea
Shall rise on me no more.

Fifteen hundred braver men never were led to battle than those whom Derwentwater conducted to Preston: but the senses of the leaders seemed bewildered and confounded, and they allowed themselves to be surrounded and manacled, and conducted to the axe and the gibbet without murmur or resistance.

AWA WHIGS, AWA.

Our thistles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonny bloom'd our roses,
But whigs came like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies.
Awa whigs, awa,
Awa whigs, awa;
Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,
Ye'll ne'er do good at a'.

Our sad decay in church and state
Surpasses my describing;
The whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we have done wi' thriving.

A foreign whiggish loon brought seeds,
In Scottish yird to cover;
But we'll pu' a' his dibbled leeks,
And pack him to Hanover.

Our ancient crown's fa'n i' the dust,
Deil blind them wi' the stour o't!
And write their names i' his black beuk,
Wha ga'e the whigs the power o't!

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken:
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin.

The deil he heard the stour o' tongues,
And ramping came amang us;
But he pitied us sae wi' cursed whigs,
He turn'd, and wadna wrang us.

Sae grim he sat amang the reek,
Thrang bundling brimstone matches;
And croon'd, 'mang the beuk-taking whigs,
Scraps of auld Calvin's catches.
Awa whigs, awa,
Awa whigs, awa;
Ye'll rin me out o' wun spunks,
And ne'er do good at a'.

Some of the lines of this song are as old as the days of Oliver Cromwell, and some of them are of very recent composition. It was a favourite fancy of the Jacobites to place their enemies in perdition, and distribute infernal power and rule among them according to their

labours in the cause of the house of Orange or Hanover. Meston, and many nameless writers, indulged in this poetical mode of punishment; which drew down upon them the indignant reproach of Addison. I wish not to defend it; but since the Whigs divided all power and domination among themselves on this earth, the Jacobites might be justified in their imaginary appropriation of paradise and in allotting a place of punishment to their enemies.—The air of the song is very ancient.

THE WEE WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

Wha the deil hae we got for a king
But a wee wee German lairdie?
And when we gade to bring him hame
He was delving his kail-yardie:
Sheughing kail, and laying leeks,
Without the hose, and but the breeks;
And up his beggar duds he cleeks—
The wee wee German lairdie.

And he's clapt down in our gudeman's chair,
The wee wee German lairdie;
And he's brought fouth o' foreign trash,
And dibbled them in his yardie.
He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
And broken the harp o' Irish clowns,
But our thistle top will jag his thumbs—
The wee wee German lairdie.

Come up amang our Highland hills,
Thou wee wee German lairdie,
And see the Stuarts' lang-kail thrive
We dibbled in our yardie:
And if a stock ye dare to pu',
Or haud the yoking o' a pleugh,
We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',
Thou wee bit German lairdie.

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
Nae fitting for a yardie;
And our Norland thistles winna pu',
Thou wee bit German lairdie:
And we've the trenching blades o' weir
Wad prune ye o' your German gear—
We'll pass ye 'neath the claymore's sheer,
Thou feckless German lairdie.

Auld Scotland, thou'rt o'er cauld a hole
For nursing foreign vermin;
But the very dogs o' England's court,
They bark and howl in German.
Short while they'll fawn and lick thy hand—
We come wi' target and wi' brand
To sweep them frae the southron land—
Thou wee wee German lairdie.

The idea of this song is old, so are the three starting lines; all the rest is modern. The poverty of the Elector of Hanover, and the laborious industry with which he strove to maintain the external show of worldly splen-

dour, formed a theme for the Jacobite bards both of England and of Scotland. I have before me a copy of a scoffing ballad, which was chanted through London on the arrival of George the First. Had the monarch understood our language, the song must have given him a very mean idea of Jacobite satire. Its burthen is German poverty and English abundance, and the wonder which our wardrobes and dinner tables excited in the royal minds of the strangers.

THE CUCKOO.

The Cuckoo's a bonny bird when he comes home,
The Cuckoo's a bonny bird when he comes home;.
He'll fley away the wild birds that flutter round the throne
My bonny bonny Cuckoo when he comes home.
The Cuckoo's a bonny bird, and he'll ha'e his day;
The Cuckoo's the royal bird, whatever they may say;
Wi' the whistle o' his mou, and the blink o' his e'e,
He'll scare a' the unco birds away frae me.

The Cuckoo's a bonny bird when he comes home,
The Cuckoo's a bonny bird when he comes home;
He'll fley away the wild birds that flutter round the throne
My bonny Cuckoo, when he comes home.

The Cuckoo's a bonny bird, but far frae his hame,
I ken him by the feathers that grow about his kame;
And round that double kame yet a crown I hope to see,
For my bonny Cuckoo he is dear unto me.

"I took these two verses," says James Hogg, "from the recitation of a shrewd idiot, one whom we call in Scots a 'half daft man,' named William Dodds; who gave it as a quotation, in a mock discourse which he was accustomed to deliver to the lads and lasses in the winter evenings, to their infinite amusement, in the style and manner of a fervent preacher. It is not easy to discover where the similarity existed between the Chevalier and the cuckoo." The similarity is this: with the coming of the cuckoo the Chevalier was looked for—the bird and the prince were expected in April: the cuckoo was therefore "a bonnie bird when he came hame," since his first note in the land, and the war-cry of the Stuarts, would be heard together. In the same manner a violet was employed by the partisans of Buonaparte to indicate the period of his return from Elba. "Il reviendrai au printems," was their ambiguous motto; and their hero was recognised and his praises celebrated under the fantastic epithet of "Corporal Violet."

I HAE NAE KITH, I HAE NAE KIN.

I hae nae kith, I hae nae kin,
Nor ane that's dear to me,
For the bonny lad that I lo'e best,
He's far ayont the sea:
He's gane wi' ane that was our ain,
And we may rue the day
When our king's daughter came here
To play sic foul play.

O, gin I were a bonny bird,
Wi' wings that I might flee,
Then I wad travel o'er the main,
My ae true love to see;
Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale
To ane that's dear to me,
And sit upon a king's window,
And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,
Aneath the corbie's wame;
And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood
Shall blaw our good king hame.
Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
O bring the lad that I lo'e best,
And ane I darena name.

James Hogg says, "This is a very sweet and curious little old song, but not very easily understood. The air is exceedingly simple, and the verses highly characteristic of the lyrical songs of Scotland." The ingratitude of the Prince and Princess of Orange many old songs have celebrated:—

Ken ye the rhyme to porringer—
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James he had a daughter dear,
And he gave her to an Oranger.

Ken ye how he requited him—
Ken ye how he requited him?
The knave into Old England came,
And took the crown in spite o' him.

Scottish verse-makers indulged to the last the idle hope of the return of the Stuarts, and expressed their wishes in a thousand forms of hope and prophecy. Their expectations may be traced through innumerable mazes of allegorical absurdity; but they may be well excused for this affectation, since a plainer song would have put them in some small jeopardy.

CARLE, AN THE KING COME.

Carle, an the king come—
Carle, an the king come,
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
Carle, an the king come.
An somebody were come again,
Then somebody maun cross the main;
And ev'ry man shall hae his ain,
Carle, an the king come.

I trow we swapped for the worse,
We ga'e the boot and better horse;
And that we'll tell them at the cross,
Carle, an the king come.
When yellow corn grows on the rigs,
And gibbets stand to hang the Whigs,
O then we'll a' dance Scottish jigs,
Carle, an the king come.

Nae mair wi' pinch and drouth we'll dine,
As we ha'e done—a dog's propine,
But quaff our waughts o' rosie wine,
Carle, an the king come.
Cogie, an the king come,
Cogie, an the king come,
I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom,
Cogie, an the king come.

The concluding verse of this old Jacobite chant is a fair specimen of the drunken loyalty with which many noblemen and squires of low degree cherished the memory and the hopes of the house of Stuart. They could carouse and empty the cup to any cause. The song has long been a favourite, and many variations are known among the peasantry.

MACDONALD'S GATHERING.

Come along, my brave clans,
  There's nae friends sae staunch and true;
Come along, my brave clans,
  There's nae lads sae leal as you.
Come along, Clan-Donuil,
  Frae 'mang your birks and heather braes,
Come with bold Macalister,
  Wilder than his mountain raes.

Gather, gather, gather,
  From Loch Morer to Argyle;
Come from Castle Tuirim,
  Come from Moidart and the Isles:
Macallan is the hero
  That will lead you to the field.
Gather, bold Siolallain,
  Sons of them that never yield.

Gather, gather, gather,
Gather from Lochaber glens;
Mac-Hic-Rannail calls you:
Come from Taroph, Roy, and Spean.
Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
Many sons of might you know;
Lenochan's your brother,
Aucterechtan and Glencoe.

Gather, gather, gather,
'Tis your prince that needs your arm;
Though Macconnel leaves you,
Dread no danger or alarm.
Come from field or foray,
Come from sickle and from plough;
Come from cairn and correi,
From deer-wake and driving too.

Gather, bold Clan-Donuil,
Come with haversack and cord;
Come not late with meal or cake,
But come with durk, and gun, and sword.
Down into the Lowlands
Plenty bides by dale and burn;
Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
Riches wait on your return.

This song, we are told by Mr. Hogg in his Reliques, is a genuine highland lyric, translated by a lady of the

family of the Macdonnells. It is full of animation and bustle. It resembles very closely, in several passages, the inimitable "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," by Sir Walter Scott.

THE JACOBITE MUSTER-ROLL.

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,
Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,
Dugald's coming, Lachlan's coming,
Alister and a's coming.
Little wat ye wha's coming—
Jock, and Tam, and a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming,
Cameron and M'Lean's coming,
Gordon and M'Gregor's coming,
Ilka Dunywastle's coming—
Little wat ye wha's coming,
M'Gillavry and a's coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
Carnwath's coming, Kenmure's coming,
Derwentwater and Foster's coming,
Withrington and Nairn's coming—
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Blythe Cowhill and a's coming.

The laird of M'Intosh is coming,
M'Crabie and M'Donald's coming,
M'Kenzie and M'Pherson's coming,
And the wild M'Craws are coming—
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Donald Gun and a's coming.

They gloom, they glour, they look sae big,
At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig;
They'll fright the fuds of the pockpuds,
For many a buttock bare's coming—
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Jock, and Tam, and a's coming.

This lyric is a curious example of highland song, but it gives a very imperfect list of the noblemen and gentlemen who followed the fortunes of the house of Stuart. It seems to have been written about the time of the Earl of Marr's march to Sheriffmuir, yet many of the principal chiefs are forgotten: where is Athol, Breadalbane, Ogilvie, Keith, and Stuart? I shall not attempt any account of all the names signalized in this song—some are known to history, and others are beyond the historian's power. The Gordons were the first to join, and the first to run away; the Macgregors loved plunder better than the line of the Stuarts; the laird of Macintosh was the leader of ten small combined clans; the Macdonalds brought four powerful and independent clans; the Mackenzies of Seaforth appeared at the head of their warlike name; and the Macphersons, next to the Macintoshes in

power, were conducted by the gallant Clunie. One of the bravest of them all was the laird of Borland, the leader of the Macintoshes: he was taken at Preston, and, with eighteen others, broke, sword in hand, out of Newgate prison, and escaped to France.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen;
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,
He's ta'en the field wi' his white cockade.
O, he's a ranting, roving blade!
O, he's a brisk and a bonny lad!
Betide what may, my heart is glad,
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

O, leeze me on the philabeg,
The hairy hough, and garter'd leg!
But aye the thing that glads my e'e
Is the white cockade aboon the bree.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
My rippling kame, and spinning wheel,
To buy my lad a tartan plaid,
A braid sword and a white cockade.

I'll sell my rokelay and my tow,
My gude gray mare and hawkit cow,
That every loyal Buchan lad
May take the field wi' his white cockade.
O, he's a ranting, roving blade!
O, he's a brisk and a bonny lad!
Betide what will, my heart is glad
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

The tune is beautiful, and the song has obtained most of its reputation from the air. Though it sings of the white cockade, the well-known cognizance of the house of Stuart, the strain is feeble and ineffectual. Other versions have more life in them, but far less delicacy. It is needless to attempt their purification.

THE YOUNG MAXWELL.

Where gang ye, ye silly auld carle,
Wi' yere staff and shepherd fare?
I'm gaun to the hill, thou sodger-man,
To shift my hirsels' lair.
Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
An' a gude lang stride took he.
I trow thou art a freck auld carle,
Wilt thou show the way to me?

For I have ridden down bonnie Nith,
Sae have I the silver Orr,
And a' for the blood of the young Maxwell,
Which I love as a gled loves gore.
And he is gone wi' the silly auld carle,
Adown by the rocks sae steep,
Until that they came to the auld castle
That hangs o'er Dee sae deep.

The rocks were high, the woods were dark,
The Dee roll'd in its pride;
Light down and gang, thou sodger-man,
For here ye mayna ride.
He drew the reins of his bonnie gray steed,
And gaily down he sprang:
His war-coat was of the scarlet fine,
Where the golden tassels hang.

He threw down his plaid, the silly auld carle,
The bonnet frae boon his bree:
And who was it but the young Maxwell?
And his good brown sword drew he.
Thou kill'd my father, thou base Southron,
Sae did ye my brethren three;
Which broke the heart of my ae sister,
I loved as the light o' my e'e.

Now draw thy sword, thou base Southron,
Red wet wi' blood o' my kin;
That sword, it cropt the fairest flower
E'er grew wi' a head to the sun.

There's ae stroke for my dear auld father,
There's twa for my brethren three;
And there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,
Whom I loved as the light of my e'e.

Instead of saying why or when I wrote this song, or telling the reasons that induced me to imitate the natural ballad style of the north, I will tell a little touching story, which has long been popular in my native place.

At the close of the last rebellion, a party of the Duke of Cumberland's dragoons passed through Nithsdale; they called at a lone house, where a widow lived, and demanded refreshments. She brought them milk; and her son, a youth of sixteen, prepared kale and butter—this, she said, was all her store. One of the party inquired how she lived on such slender means: "I live," she said, "on my cow, my kale-yard, and on the blessing of God." He went and killed the cow, destroyed her kale, and continued his march. The poor woman died of a broken heart, and her son wandered away from the inquiry of friends and the reach of compassion. It happened, afterwards, in the continental war, when the British army had gained a great victory, that the soldiers were seated on the ground, making merry with wine, and relating their exploits—"All this is nothing," cried a dragoon, "to what I once did in Scotland—I starved a witch in Nithsdale; I drank her milk, I killed her cow, destroyed her kale-yard, and left her to live upon God—and I dare say he had enough ado with her." "And don't you rue it?" exclaimed a soldier

starting up—"don't you rue it?" "Rue what?" said the ruffian; "what would you have me rue? she's dead and damned, and there's an end of her." "Then, by my God!" said the other, "that woman was my mother—draw your sword—draw." They fought on the spot, and while the Scottish soldier passed his sword through his body, and turned him over in the pangs of death, he said, "Had you but said you rued it, God should have punished you, not I."

JOHN CAMERON.

The weary sun sank down on a day of woe and care,
The parting light shone sad on John Cameron's hoary hair;
His dim eyes upturn'd unto Heaven seem'd to grow,
His feeble hands he wrung, and his heart was full of woe.
The steps of the spoiler were fresh by his hame,
The fires of the reaver in embers were warm;
He look'd ay, and sigh'd, as his heart would burst in twa,
The cruel Duke of Cumberland has ruin'd us a'!

Three fair sons were mine, young, blooming, and bold;
They all lie at other's sides, bloody and cold:
I had a lovely daughter, the delight of every e'e,
And dear as the promise of Heaven unto me.
I had a pleasant hame, and a sweet wife there,
Wi' twa bonnie grandbairns, my smiling to share;

Wi' plenty in my barn, and abundance in my ha'—
O the cruel Duke of Cumberland has ruin'd us a'!

Our country's laid desolate, our houses are reft,
And nought but the wish for to right us is left;
Revenge and despair ay by turns weet my e'e;
The fall of the spoiler I long for to see.
Friendless I lie, and friendless I gang,
I've nane but kind Heaven to tell of my wrang.
Thine old arm, quo' Heaven, cannot strike down the proud,
I shall keep to myself the revenge of thy blood.

An imperfect copy of this song found its way out of Cromek's Remains into the Jacobite Relics. In my native county of Dumfries the memory of the Duke of Cumberland is most cordially detested among the peasantry, who hate cruelty, and love clemency and benevolence. They have many stories to tell of the miseries which came upon all those who hunted down the discomfited rebels, and conducted them to death. One unhappy man was followed so closely, that he ran up to the neck in a mill-dam; there his pursuers proposed to leave him, and were dispersing, when a farmer rode into the water and brought him out—he was taken to Carlisle and executed. In the wreck of the farmer's affairs, and in the misfortunes which befel him and his children, the peasantry saw the visitation of Heaven for spilt blood. Instances might be multiplied, but I shall desist. It is said of a wounded highlander, that when he was exhorted

to relinquish all thoughts of revenge against his enemy, inasmuch as revenge belonged to the Lord, "Aye, aye," exclaimed the expiring man, "I thought it was owre sweet a morsel for a mortal."

CARLISLE YETTS.

White was the rose in my love's hat,
As he rowed me in his lowland plaidie;
His heart was true as death in love,
His hand was aye in battle ready.
His long, long hair, in yellow banks,
Waved o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddy;
But now it waves o'er Carlisle yetts,
In dripping ringlets, soil'd and bloody.

When I came first through fair Carlisle,
Ne'er was a town sae gladsome seeming;
The white rose flaunted o'er the wall,
The thistled pennons wide were streaming.
When I came next through fair Carlisle,
O sad, sad seem'd the town and eerie!
The old men sobb'd, and gray dames wept,
O lady! come ye to seek your dearie?

I tarried on a heathery hill,
My tresses to my cheeks were frozen;

And far adown the midnight wind
I heard the din of battle closing.
The gray day dawned—amang the snow
Lay many a young and gallant fellow;
And O! the sun shone bright in vain,
On twa blue een 'tween locks of yellow.

There's a tress of soil'd and yellow hair
Close in my bosom I am keeping—
Now I have done with delight and love,
And welcome woe, and want, and weeping.
Woe, woe upon that cruel heart,
Woe, woe upon that hand sae bloody,
That lordless leaves my true love's hall,
And makes me wail a virgin widow!

The heads of the rebels were fixed on many places throughout the kingdom; and an old lady of Dumfriesshire often mentioned to me the horror which she felt when she saw several heads on the Scottish gate of Carlisle, one of which was that of a youth with very long yellow hair. The story of a lady, young and beautiful, who came from a distant part, and gazed at this head every morning at sunrise, and every evening at sunset, is also told by many. At last the head and the lady disappeared. The name of the youth I have heard, but cannot remember it; that of the lady was ever a secret. It is said, from some sorrowful words which she dropt, that the youth was her brother.

LOCHMABEN GATE.

As I came by Lochmaben gate,
  It's there I saw the Johnstones riding;
Away they flew, and they fear'd no foe,
  With their drums a beating, colours flying.
All the lads of Annandale
  Came there, their gallant chief to follow;
Brave Burleigh, Ford, and Ramerscales,
  With Winton and the gallant Rollo.

I ask'd a man what meant the fray—
  Good sir, said he, you seem a stranger
This is the twenty-ninth of May—
  Far better had you shun the danger.
These are rebels to the throne,
  Reason have we all to know it;
Popish dogs and knaves each one.
  Pray pass on, or you shall rue it.

I look'd the traitor in the face,
  Drew out my brand and ettled at him:
Deil send a' the whiggish race
  Downward to the dad that gat 'em!
Right sair he gloom'd, but naething said,
  While my heart was like to scunner;
Cowards are they born and bred,
  Ilka whinging, praying sinner.

My bonnet on my sword I bare,
And fast I spurr'd by knight and lady,
And thrice I waved it in the air,
Where a' our lads stood rank'd and ready.
Long live King James! aloud I cried,
Our nation's king, our nation's glory!
Long live King James! they all replied,
Welcome, welcome, gallant Tory!

There I shook hands wi' lord and knight,
And mony a braw and buskin'd lady;
But lang I'll mind Lochmaben gate,
And a' our lads for battle ready.
And when I gang by Locher-briggs,
And o'er the moor, at e'en or morrow,
I'll lend a curse unto the Whigs,
That wrought us a' this dool and sorrow.

This border song found a place among the Jacobite Relics. I have no doubt of its beauty, but much of its authenticity. That it was composed on a heartless or a drunken rising of some of the Jacobite gentlemen of the district is certain; that it was written near the time of the rebellion of 1715 is far more than questionable. It appears that, on the 29th of May, 1714, the two Maxwells of Tinwald, with Johnstone of Wamphray and Carruthers of Ramerscales, marched up to the cross of Lochmaben with drums beating and colours flying, where they drank the exiled king's health on their knees, and execrated all who refused to do the like. But

I can find no farther proof of the folly of the name of Johnstone—the Maxwells persevered and suffered. The hand of royal vengeance fell heavy on many families, and on none heavier than on the ancient and warlike name of Halliday. For putting their foot in the stirrup for the Stuarts, the Hallidays had their name erased from among the proprietors of Annandale. Sir Andrew Halliday is one of the representatives of the old heroes of Corehead, and the descendant of Thomas Halliday, sister's son of the renowned Sir William Wallace. I am grieved to see possessions pass away from a name which warred so well and so willingly of old for the freedom of Scotland.

YOUNG AIRLY.

Ken ye ought of brave Lochiel?
  Or ken ye ought of Airly?
They have belted on their bright broad-swords,
  And aff and awa' wi' Charlie.
Now bring me fire, my merry, merry men,
  And bring it red and yarely—
At mirk midnight there flashed a light
  O'er the topmost towers of Airly.

What lowe is yon, quo' the gude Lochiel,
  Which gleams so red and rarely?

By the God of my kin, quo' young Ogilvie,
It's my ain bonnie hame of Airly!
Put up your sword, said the brave Lochiel,
And calm your mood, quo' Charlie;
Ere morning glow we'll raise a lowe
Far brighter than bonnie Airly.

O, yon fair tower's my native tower!
Nor will it soothe my mourning,
Were London palace, tower, and town,
As fast and brightly burning.
It's no my hame—my father's hame,
That reddens my cheek sae sairlie,
But my wife and twa sweet babes I left
To smoor in the smoke of Airly.

The lady of young Ogilvie of Airly, a Johnstone of Westerhall, accompanied him through the vicissitudes of the rebellion, marched with him into England, was with him during the whole of the disastrous retreat from Derby to Culloden; and her love for her husband, and attachment to the house of Stuart, is yet the theme of story and tradition. I believe the burning of Airly is a gratuitous piece of poetical mischief; and though his Grace the Duke of Cumberland had much to answer for, Lady Ogilvie and her children cannot be numbered among those who suffered by fire, abundantly as they suffered in other respects. There is an old ballad commemorating the destruction of Airly by the Earl of Argyle.

'CAME YE O'ER FRAE FRANCE.

Came ye o'er frae France?
Came ye down by Lunnon?
Saw ye Geordie Whelps
And his bonny woman?
Were ye at the place
Ca'd the Kittle Housie?
Saw ye Geordie's grace
Riding on a goosie?

Geordie he's a man,
There is little doubt o't;
He's done a' he can,
Wha can do without it?
Down there came a blade,
Linkin like my lordie;
He wad drive a' trade
At the loom of Geordie.

Though the claith were bad,
Blithely may we niffer;
Gin we get a wab,
It makes little differ.
We hae tint our plaid,
Bonnet, belt, and swordie,
Ha's and mailins braid—
But we hae a Geordie!

Jocky's gane to France,
And Montgomery's lady;
There they'll learn to dance
"Madam, are ye ready?"
They'll be back belive,
Belted, brisk, and lordly;
Brawly may they thrive
To dance a jig wi' Geordie.

Hey for Sandy Don!
Hey for Cockolorum!
Hey for bobbing John
And his Highland quorum!
Mony a sword and lance
Swings at Highland hurdie;
How they'll skip and dance
O'er the bum o' Geordie!

Some of this song is new, much of it is old, and much of it obscure. The suspicious and dubious story of Koningsmark is alluded to in the second and third verses; but the volatile bard skips away from that tragic occurrence as if it only furnished fresh matter for his mirth, and loses himself in the obscurity of wild plots and wilder prophecies. It is not easy to guess at his meaning; but the lively image of Jacobite triumph with which the song terminates cannot fail to be understood: the attempt to realize it caused much blood to be shed, and filled the north with mourning. Count Koningsmark was of great personal beauty; and his barbarous

murder of Mr. Thynne showed that his ferocity was equal to his outward accomplishments. That the electoral princess loved him many have doubted; that she favoured him few have denied. His vanity aspired to her person, and his presumption was rewarded by an immediate order of banishment. He besought a parting kiss of the princess's hand, and she indulged him with this in her chamber. He left the room, and never went farther; for he was seized and destroyed, and his body was secreted under her dressing-room, where it was discovered in the succeeding reign.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

There liv'd a lass in Inverness,
  She was the pride o' a' the town;
Blithe as the lark on gowan top,
  When frae the nest it's newly flown.
At kirk she wan the auld folks' love,
  At dance she wan the lads's een;
She was the blithest o' the blithe,
  At wooster-trystes or Halloween.

As I came in by Inverness,
  The simmer sun was sinking down;
O there I saw the weelfaur'd lass,
  And she was greeting through the town.

The gray-hair'd men were a' i' the streets,
And auld dames crying sad to see,
The flower o' the lads o' Inverness
Lie bloody on Culloden lee!

She tore her haffet links o' gowd,
And dighted aye her comely e'e;
My father lies at bloody Carlisle—
At Preston sleep my brethren three!
I thought my heart could haud nae mair,
Mae tears could never blind my e'e;
But the fa' o' ane has burst my heart,
A dearer ane there ne'er could be!

He trysted me o' love yestreen,
O' love tokens he gave me three;
But he's faulded i' the arms o' weir,
O, ne'er again to think o' me!
The forest flowers shall be my bed,
My food shall be the wild berrie,
The fa'ing leaves shall hap me owre,
And wauken'd again I winna be.

O weep, O weep, ye Scottish dames!
Weep till ye blind a mither's e'e;
Nae reeking ha' in fifty miles,
But naked corses, sad to see!
O, spring is blithesome to the year;
Trees sprout, flowers spring, and birds sing hie;

But, O what spring can raise them up,
When death for ever shuts the e'e?

The hand o' God hung heavy here,
And lightly touch'd foul tyrannie:
It struck the righteous to the ground,
And lifted the destroyer hie.
But there's a day, quo' my God, in prayer,
When righteousness shall bear the gree:
I'll rake the wicked low i' the dust,
And wauken in bliss the gude man's e'e.

The battle of Culloden-moor extinguished for ever the hopes of the house of Stuart; and our Jacobite songs were ever after sobered down into a sorrowful and desponding strain. The blood shed at the battle, and the desolation which the unbridled soldiery spread over so much of Scotland, made an impression on the hearts of the people which was long in effacing. In the ruin of so many families, and the destruction of so many houses, the Cameronians beheld the fulfilment of their great apostle's prophecy: the song, therefore, sings no fabulous woes. It was first published in the Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway song.

JOHNIE COPE.

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar—
Come, Charlie, meet me gin ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet me in the morning.
My men are bauld, my steeds are rude;
They'll dye their hoofs in highland blood,
And eat their hay in Holyrood
By ten to-morrow morning.

When Charlie looked the letter on,
He drew his sword the scabbard from—
Come follow me my merry merry men
To meet Johnie Cope in the morning.
Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye waking yet,
Or are your drums abeating yet?
Wi' claymore sharp and music sweet
We'll make ye mirth i' the morning.

Atween the gray day and the sun
The highland pipes came skirling on;
Now fye, Johnie Cope, get up and run,
'Twill be a bloody morning.
O yon's the warpipes' deadlie strum,
It quells our fife and drowns our drum;
The bonnets blue and broadswords come—
'Twill be a bloody morning.

Now, Johnie Cope, be as good's your word,
And try our fate wi' fire and sword;
And takna wing like a frighten'd bird
That's chased frae its nest in the morning.
The warpipes gave a wilder screed,
The clans came down wi' wicked speed:
He laid his leg out o'er a steed—
I wish you a good morning.

Moist wi' his fear and spurring fast,
An auld man speered as Johnie past—
How speeds it wi' your gallant host?
I trow they've got their corning.
I'faith, quo' Johnie, I got a fleg
Frae the claymore and philabeg:
If I face them again, deil break my leg,
So I wish you a good morning.

Johnie Cope is an universal favourite in Scotland; and no song in existence has so many curious variations. Yet it must be confessed that the charm lies more with the music than the poetry. The present copy is made out of various versions; and some liberties have been taken in rendering it more pointed and consistent. Prince Charles displayed great presence of mind, and great personal bravery in the battle of Prestonpans, which the impetuous charge of the clans rendered very short and decisive.

KIRN-MILK GEORDIE.

It's James and George, they war twa lords,
And they've coosten out about the kirn;
But Geordie he proved the strongest loon,
And he's gart Jamie stand a hin'.
And hey now, Geordie, Geordie, Geordie,
Ply the cutty as lang as ye can;
For Donald the piper will win the butter,
And nought but kirn-milk for ye than.

And aye he suppit, and aye he swat,
And aye he ga'e the tither a girn,
And aye he fykit, and aye he grat,
When Donald the piper ca'd round the kirn—
And up wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie,
He is the king-thief o' them a';
He steal'd the key, and hautet the kirn,
And siccan a feast he never saw.

He kicked the butler, hanged the groom,
And turn'd the true men out o' the ha';
And Jockie and Sawney were like to greet,
To see their backs set at the wa'.
And up wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie,
He has drucken the maltman's ale;
But he'll be nickit ahint the wicket,
And tuggit ahint his gray mare's tail.

Young Jamie has rais'd the aumry cook,
And Jockie has sworn by lippie and law;
Douce Sawney the herd has drawn the sword,
And Donald the piper the warst of a'.
And down wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie;
He maun hame but stocking or shoe,
To nump his neeps, his sybows, and leeks,
And a wee bit bacon to help the broo.

The cat has clomb to the eagle's nest,
And suckit the eggs, and scar'd the dame;
The lordly lair is daubed wi' hair;
But the thief maun strap, an' the hawk come hame.
Then up wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie,
Up wi' Geordie high in a tow:
At the last kick of a foreign foot,
We'se a' be ranting roaring fou.

The life and humour of this song will excuse some little coarseness, and the strange mixture of allegory with figures of flesh and blood. The animation commences with the commencing line and continues to the last. James Hogg describes it as old: of its antiquity I have many doubts. The poverty of the house of Hanover seems to have given our Jacobite poets great satisfaction; for it forms the theme of many a ditty; and perhaps they persevered till the visible and surpassing misery of the house of Stuart caused their satire to cut with two edges. The obscurities which deform the Jacobite songs arose in a great measure from the figu-

rative way in which they expressed the hopes and fears of the party. To sing plainly was to sing seditiously; and the poet was fain to escape from the penalties of law into the region of dark metaphor, from which the most scrupulous Whig should not extract a meaning that could be followed up by fining or imprisonment.

DONALD MACGILLAVRY.

Donald's gane up the hill hard and hungery,
Donald comes down the hill wild and angry;
Donald will clear the gouk's nest cleverly—
Here's to the king and Donald Macgillavry.
Come like a weigh bauk, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a weigh bauk, Donald Macgillavry;
Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly—
Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald Macgillavry.

Donald's run o'er the hill but his tether, man,
As he were wud, or stang'd wi' an ether, man;
When he comes back there's some will look merrily—
Here's to King James and Donald Macgillavry.
Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry;
Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly,
Gie them full measure, my Donald Macgillavry.

Donald has foughten wi' rief and roguery,
Donald has dinner'd wi' banes and beggary;
Better it were for Whigs and whiggery
Meeting the devil than Donald Macgillavry.
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry;
Push about, in and out, thimble them cleverly—
Here's to King James and Donald Macgillavry.

Donald's the callan that brooks nae tangleness,
Whigging, and prigging, and a' new fangleness;
They maun be gane, he winna be baukit, man;
He maun hae justice, or faith he'll tauk it, man.
Come like a cobler, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a cobler, Donald Macgillavry;
Beat them, and bore them, and lingel them cleverly—
Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry.

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery,
Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property;
Arles run high, but makings were naething, man—
Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting, man!
Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry;
Skelp them and scaud them that prov'd sae unbritherly—
Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry.

This is the cleverest of all our party songs; sharp, lively, and original. I know not to whose hand we owe it: it cannot well be so old as the period of the last rebellion; for every line has the echo of yesterday, compared to the lyrics of the forty-five. "The clan Macgillavry," says James Hogg, "is a subordinate one; so that the name seems to represent the whole of the northern clans. In the Chevalier's muster-roll Macgillavry of Drumglass is named as one of the expected chieftains; and in 1745, the brave and powerful clan of Macintosh was led by Colonel Macgillavry." To the north of Scotland the house of Stuart seems long to have looked for salvation: the chieftains of the clans were deluded by promised power and imaginary rank to arm in its cause; and that native pride which nought can surpass, and that courage which nought can subdue, were alike bribed to the adventure. How far it succeeded history will ever relate with astonishment. A small bridge a short way in advance from Derby was the limit of their daring march; and their retreat was still more extraordinary. The people of Derby long after remembered the friendly visit of the highland army.

TRANENT MUIR.

The Chevalier, being void of fear,
Did march up Birsle brae, man,
And through Tranent, e'er he did stent,
As fast as he could gae, man;
While General Cope did taunt and mock,
Wi' mony a loud huzza, man;
But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
We heard anither craw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in cluds, man;
The morning fair, and clear the air,
They loos'd with devilish thuds, man;
Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
And soon did chace them aff, man;
On Seaton Crafts they buft their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore, blood and 'oons,
They'd make the rebels run, man;
And yet they flee when them they see,
And winna fire a gun, man:
They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
Such terror seiz'd them a', man;
Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,
And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
And vow gin they were crouse, man;
But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,
They were not worth a louse, man;
Maist feck gade hame—O fy for shame!
They'd better stay'd awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man.

Menteith the great, when hersell shit,
Un'wares did ding him o'er, man;
Yet wadna stand to bear a hand,
But aff fou fast did scour, man;
O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
Before he tasted meat, man:
Troth he may brag of his swift nag,
That bare him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simpson keen, to clear the een
Of rebels far in wrang, man,
Did never strive wi' pistols five,
But gallop'd with the thrang, man:
He turn'd his back, and in a crack
Was cleanly out of sight, man;
And thought it best; it was nae jest
Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang
But twa, and ane was tane, man;
For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,
And sair he paid the kain, man;

Fell skelps he got, was waur than shot,
Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man;
Frae many a spout came running out
His reeking-het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave
Like to a hero bright, man;
His courage true, like him were few,
That still despised flight, man;
For king and laws, and country's cause,
In honour's bed he lay, man;
His life, but not his courage, fled,
While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot
For to get mony a wound, man:
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast,
'Twas little there he saw, man;
To Berwick rade, and safely said,
The Scots were rebels a', man:
But let that end, for well 'tis kend
His use and wont to lie, man;
The Teague is naught, he never fought,
When he had room to flee, man.

And Cadell drest, amang the rest,
With gun and good claymore, man,
On gelding gray he rode that way,
With pistols set before, man;
The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
Before that he would yield, man;
But the night before, he left the core,
And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,
Stood and bravely fought, man;
I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
But mae down wi' him brought, man:
At point of death, wi' his last breath,
(Some standing round in ring, man),
On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
And cry'd, God save the king, man.

Some highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to pursue, man,
About they fac'd, and in great haste
Upon the booty flew, man;
And they, as gain for all their pain,
Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man,
Fu' bauld can tell how her nainsell
Was ne'er sae pra before, man.

At the thorn-tree, which you may see
Bewest the meadow-mill, man,

There mony slain lay on the plain,
The clans pursuing still, man.
Sic unco' hacks, and deadly whacks,
I never saw the like, man;
Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
I gaed to see the fray, man;
But had I wist what after past,
I'd better staid awa', man,
On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
But I wish ne'er to drie sic fear,
For a' the sum and mair, man.

This very popular and clever song was written by Mr. Skirving, a farmer near Haddington. Some of the names which it celebrates are well known; others are become obscure. On the three generals whom Prince Charles and his little band of adventurers foiled, some punning person made the following ludicrous but accurate epigram:—

Cope could not cope, nor Wade wade thro' the snow,
Nor Hawley hawl his cannon on the foe.

For the death of Colonel Gardiner, a brave and devout soldier, general lamentation was made: he was cut

down by a highlander, armed with a scythe blade, after his soldiers had basely deserted him. The story of the wildness of his youth and of his mysterious conversion is well known. He was the last of a class of gentlemen who sought to unite the discordant qualities of war and religion; who prayed and preached one hour, and stormed a city and filled it with bloodshed the next. Lieutenant Smith was deeply offended at the freedom which the rustic poet took with his name, and sent a challenge to the author by the hands of a brother officer. "Go back," said Skirving to the messenger, "and tell Lieutenant Smith to come here, and I will take a look at him; if I think I can fight him, I'll fight him; if I think I canna, I'll just do as he did—I'll rin awa." Whenever the song was sung the story of the challenge was told, and the unfortunate Irishman was obliged to endure the scoffing verses and sarcastic commentary.

CALLUM-A-GLEN.

Was ever old warrior of suff'ring so weary?
Was ever the wild-beast so bay'd in his den?
The Southron blood-hounds lie in kennel so near me,
That death would be freedom to Callum-a-Glen.
My sons are all slain, and my daughters have left me;
No child to protect me, where once there were ten:
My chief they have slain, and of stay have bereft me,
And woe to the gray hairs of Callum-a-Glen.

The homes of my kinsmen are blazing to heaven,
The bright star of morning has blush'd at the view;
The moon has stood still on the verge of the even,
To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew;
For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,
It sprinkles the cot, and it flows in the pen.
The pride of my country is fallen for ever!
Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen?

The sun, in his glory, has look'd on our sorrow,
The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea:
O, is there no day-spring for Scotland? no morrow
Of bright renovation for souls of the free?
Yes: one above all has beheld our devotion,
Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken.
The day is abiding of stern retribution,
On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen.

"It is a pity," says Mr. Hogg, "that I have too much hand in these songs from the Gaelic, to speak of them as I feel; and though this is indebted to me for the rhyme, I could take it against any piece of modern poetry." Such is the note which accompanies this song in the Jacobite Relics. It is no gracious thing to question a poet's judgment in a matter of verse. I cannot say that I am captivated with this Highland song so much as Mr. Hogg is; the language is cumbrous; it wants the air of genuine simplicity which touches me so much in Burns's Lass of Inverness. It contains no new images of heroic fortitude, or pathetic suffering or despair.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground.
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war,
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:

What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought is heard but sounds of wo;
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh, baneful curse! oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood;
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel.

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread.
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And, stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat,
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow.
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!

Smollett was a Jacobite, but it required little party spirit to inspire a song which gives a moving picture of domestic desolation and human sorrow. The Duke of Cumberland nearly fulfilled the prediction ascribed to Alexander Peden; "The day will come, when men may ride an hundred miles in Scotland, nor see a reeking house, nor hear a crowing cock!"—This moving song was made on the ravages of the Duke of Cumberland, in 1746. The eastern Cameronians, during the rebellion of 1715, acted a curious but characteristic part. They armed and advanced upon Dumfries, but seemed uncertain whether they would fight for the "man who sought the temporal crown, or the man who wore it." They refused to acknowledge any king but Jesus, or to mingle with any people who were not covenanted—they prayed, preached, disputed, and dispersed.

THE WAES OF SCOTLAND.

When I left thee, bonny Scotland,
O fair wert thou to see!
And blithe as a bonny bride i' the morn,
When she maun wedded be.
When I came back to thee, Scotland,
Upon a May-morn fair,
A bonny lass sat at our town end,
A kaming her yellow hair.

Oh hey! oh hey! sung the bonny lass,
Oh hey, and wae is me!
There's siccan sorrow in Scotland,
As een did never see.
Oh hey, oh hey, for my father auld!
Oh hey, for my mither dear!
And my heart will burst for the bonny lad
Wha left me lanesome here.

I hadna gane in my ain Scotland
Mae miles than twa or three,
When I saw the head o' my ain father
Borne up the gate to me.
A traitor's head! and, A traitor's head!
Loud bawl'd a bloody loon;
But I drew frae the sheath my glaive o' weir,
And strack the reaver down.

I hied me hame to my father's ha',
My dear auld mither to see;
But she lay 'mang the black cizels,
Wi' the death-tear in her e'e.
O wha has wrought this bloody wark?
Had I the reaver here,
I'd wash his sark in his ain heart's blood,
And gie't to his love to wear.

I hadna gane frae my ain dear hame
But twa short miles and three,
Till up came a captain o' the whigs,
Says, Traitor, bide ye me!
I grippet him by the belt sae braid,
It bursted i' my hand,
But I threw him frae his weir-saddle,
And drew my burly brand.

Shaw mercy on me! quo' the loon,
And low he knelt on knee;
And by his thigh was my father's glaive
Which gude King Bruce did gi'e;
And buckled round him was the broider'd belt
Which my mither's hands did weave—
My tears they mingled wi' his heart's blood,
And reek'd upon my glaive.

I wander a' night 'mang the lands I own'd,
When a' folk are asleep;

And I lie o'er my father and mither's grave
An hour or twa to weep.
O, fatherless and mitherless,
Without a ha' or hame,
I maun wander through my dear Scotland,
And bide a traitor's name.

This song is copied from Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, where it first appeared; it has since found its way into many collections. Mr. Hogg admitted it into the Jacobite Relics, accompanied by such praise of the author as I would rather allude to than quote. It would be uncandid to say such praise is unwelcome; for the praise of a man of original genius will always be considered by the world as an acceptable thing, and I am willing to acknowledge its value. The song contains no imaginary picture of Jacobite suffering: tradition still tells a similar tale of a Galloway gentleman, and points out the banks of the water of Dee as the scene of his single combat with the spoiler of his house.

LEWIE GORDON.

O send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I darena name!
Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa.
Ohon, my highlandman!
O my bonny highlandman!
Weel wad I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand highlandmen.

O to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee—
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'!

The princely youth that I do mean
Is fitted for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star—
You'd take him for the god of war.

O to see this princely one
Seated on his father's throne!
Disasters a' wad disappear,
Then begins the jub'lee year.
Ohon, my highlandman!
O my bonny highlandman!
Weel wad I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand highlandmen.

This is a very popular song, and is imagined to be written by Mr. Geddes, priest at Shenval in the Enzie, on Lord Lewis Gordon, third son of the Duke of Gordon, who raised a rebel regiment in 1745, defeated the Macleods and took possession of Perth. He escaped from the field of Culloden, was attainted by Parliament in 1746, and died at Montreuil in France, in the year 1754. "The lad I darena name" was Prince Charles Stuart.

IT'S HAME AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame and its hame, hame fain would I be,
O, hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face will be fain,
As I pass through Annan-water with my bonnie bands again;
When the flower is in the bud, and the leaf upon the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree.

It's hame and its hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
The green leaf of loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering and a',
But I'll water't with the blood of usurping tyrannie,
And green it will grow in my ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
There's nought now from ruin my country can save
But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,
That all the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie
May rise again and fight for their ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save;
The new grass is growing aboon their bloody grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my e'e,
I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.

This song is noticed in the introduction to the "Fortunes of Nigel," and part of it is sung by Richie Moniplies. It is supposed to come from the lips of a Scottish Jacobite exile. The old song of the same name had a similar chorus, and one good verse. Against the British fleet, which was then—and may it ever continue!—master of the sea, the poet prayed for very effectual aid:—

May the ocean stop and stand, like walls on every side,
That our gallant chiefs may pass, wi' heaven for their guide!—
Dry up the Forth and Tweed, as thou didst the Red Sea,
When the Israelites did pass to their ain countree.

ROYAL CHARLIE.

The wind comes frae the land I love,
It moves the gray flood rarely ;—
Look for the lily on the lea,
And look for royal Charlie.
Ten thousand swords shall leave their sheaths,
And smite fu' sharp and sairly ;
And Gordon's might, and Erskine's pride,
Shall live and die wi' Charlie.

The sun shines out—wide smiles the sea,
The lily blossoms rarely ;—
O yonder comes his gallant ship—
Thrice welcome, royal Charlie!
Yes, yon's a good and gallant ship,
Wi' banners flaunting fairly ;
But should it meet your darling prince,
'Twill feast the fish wi' Charlie.

Wide rustled she her silks in pride,
And waved her white hand lordlie—
And drew a bright sword from the sheath,
And answered high and proudlie.
I had three sons, and a good lord,
Wha sold their lives fu' dearlie—
And wi' their dust I'd mingle mine,
For love of gallant Charlie.

It wad hae made a hale heart sair
To see our horsemen flying;—
And my three bairns, and my good lord,
Amang the dead and dying:
I snatched a banner—led them back—
The white rose flourish'd rarely:—
The deed I did for royal James
I'd do again for Charlie.

Most of our Scottish ladies were vehement Jacobites, and Duncan Forbes found that men's swords did less for the cause of Prince Charles than the tongues of his fair countrywomen. Like Mause Headrigg they cried out, "Testify with your hands as we testify with our tongues, and they will never be able to harl the blessed youth into captivity." The gentlemen had the fear of forfeiture and the headsman's axe upon them; but the ladies saw in imagination the splendour of ancient royalty returning to Scotland, and had visions promising themselves an increase of importance and glory. This song comes from the lips of one of those resolute heroines—probably a lady of the family of Mar. The noble name of Erskine has lately been restored to its honours—an act of tardy but generous clemency.

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie!
I'll gi'e John Brown another halfcrown
To boat me o'er to Charlie.
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Though some there be abhor him;
I'd sing to see auld Nick gaun hame
Wi' Charlie's foes afore him.
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
The mirkest night will draw to light,
There's sunshine yet for Charlie.

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines sae clearlie,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie.
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
This sword that shone at Bannockburn
Shall shine again for Charlie.

This is one of the many lyric effusions with which the adherents of the house of Stuart sought to preserve the national love for their ancient line of Princes. It is however somewhat amended by Burns, and some sense has been infused into the chorus. In Hogg's "Jacobite Relics" another verse is added, which takes the song from the lips of a soldier and gives it to those of a lady. I think the general feeling is in favour of the former; though we have President Forbes's testimony to the violent love of the ladies for the exiled princes, and the assurance of Ray that they would listen to no manner of reason, but were Jacobites one and all. I have retained the original version.

LASSIE, LIE NEAR ME.

Lang ha'e we parted been,
Lassie, my dearie;
Now we are met again,
Lassie, lie near me.
Near me, near me,
Lassie, lie near me;
Lang hast thou lain thy lane,
Lassie, lie near me.

Frae dread Culloden's field,
Bloody and dreary,
Mourning my country's fate,
Lanely and weary;
Weary, weary,
Lanely and weary;
Become a sad banish'd wight,
Far frae my dearie.

Loud, loud the wind did roar,
Stormy and eerie,
Far frae my native shore,
Far frae my dearie.
Near me, near me,
Dangers stood near me;
Now I've escap'd them a',
Lassie, lie near me.

A' that I ha'e endur'd,
Lassie, my dearie,
Here in thine arms is cur'd—
Lassie, lie near me.
Near me, near me,
Lassie, lie near me;
Lang hast thou lain thy lane,
Lassie, lie near me.

The original of this very pretty song was purely domestic—an infusion of Jacobite feeling seems not to

have injured either its tenderness or its simplicity. We have, however, many varieties of the song. Some fastidious persons, who believe that a man never addresses his wife by any familiar name, have substituted "Wifie, lie near me;" others, again, supposed they had amended the imaginary indecorum by singing "Laddie, lie near me." If I am called on to confess my own belief in this matter, I must say that men both of the north and south are in the practice of bestowing familiar and endearing names on their wives, and that I see in the hero and heroine of this song a wedded pair, who, separated by misfortune, had met again in mutual and overflowing joy.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

Hersell pe highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man;
And mony alterations seen,
Amang the lawland whig, man.
First when her to te lawlands came,
Nainsell was droving cows, man,
There was nae laws about hims nerse,
About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear the philabeg,
The plaid pricked on her shouder;
De gude claymore hung py her pelt,
Her pistol charged with powder.

But curse upon these Saxon precks,
In which her limbs are lockit;
Ohon that ere she saw the day!
For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Every thing in the highlands now
Pe turned to alteration;
Te sodger dwall at our door cheek,
And tats a great vexation.
Scotland pe turned a Hingland now,
The laws pring in de cadger;
Nainsell wad durk him for his deeds,
But oh, she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after tat,
Me never saw te like, man;
They make a lang road on te ground,
And ca' him Turnimspike, man:
And wow she pe a ponny road,
Like Loudon corn riggs, man;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
And no preak ither's legs, man.

They charge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth she'll no be sheaper,
For nought but gaun upon the ground,
And they gi'e me a paper.
They take the horse then py te head,
And there they make him stand, man;
She tells them she had seen the day
They had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubt nainsell maun draw her purse,
And pay him what him like, man;
She'll see a shudgement on his door,
That filthy turnimspike, man.
But I'll away to te highland hills,
Where deil a ane dare turn her,
And no come near the turnimspike,
Save when she comes to purn her.

The humour of this lowland ditty lies not altogether in the comic style of the highlander: there is considerable naïveté in his complaint against the innovation of good roads and turnpike-gates, and still more in his wrath against that injurious and insulting but ludicrous act of Parliament which imprisoned him in lowland breeches. I am no admirer of songs which seek to excite laughter by the imperfections of language; and I shall insert no more of those ditties which show up a highlander floundering along in the mysterious humour of broken English.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelltown banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
Where I and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true;
Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.

She's backet like a peacock,
She's breasted like a swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist you weel may span:
Her waist you weel may span,
And she has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.

I found this song in the little "Ballad Book," collected and edited by a gentleman to whom Scottish literature is largely indebted—Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hoddam. It is accompanied by the following notice:—"Sir Robert Laurie, first Baronet of the Maxwelton family (created 27th March, 1685), by his second wife, a daughter of Riddell of Minto, had three sons and

four daughters, of whom Anne was much celebrated for her beauty, and made a conquest of Mr. Douglas of Fingland, who is said to have composed the following verses under an unlucky star—for the lady married Mr. Ferguson of Craigdarroch." I have only to add, that I am glad such a song finds a local habitation in my native place.

GIN LIVING WORTH COULD WIN MY HEART.

Gin living worth could win my heart,
Ye shou'dna sigh in vain;
But in the darksome grave it's laid,
Never to rise again.
My waefu' heart lies low wi' his
Whose heart was only mine;
And what a heart was that to lose!
But I maun not repine.

Yet oh! gin heaven in mercy soon
Would grant the boon I crave,
And tak this life, now naething worth,
Sin' Jamie's in his grave!

And sae his gentle spirit comes
To shew me on my way;
Surpriz'd, nae doubt, I still am here,
Sair wond'ring at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear;
And oh! wi' what good will,
I follow wheresoe'er ye lead,
Ye canna lead to ill.
She said; and soon a deadly pale
Her faded cheek possest,
Her waefu' heart forgat to beat,
Her sorrows sunk to rest.

I lament my inability to name the author of this sweet song. It has been some six-and-thirty years before the public; and if it be written with an English pen, it is written with a Scottish spirit. Johnson's Musical Museum became its first sanctuary, and it soon won its way to public favour. It is seldom indeed that songs of this touching and simple kind become public favourites. The stream of sorrow which glides along so smooth and so deep fails to glitter and attract as it flows.

I LO'E NAE A LADDIE BUT ANE.

I lo'e nae a laddie but ane,
  He lo'es nae a lassie but me;
He's willing to make me his ain,
  And his ain I am willing to be.
He coft me a rokelay of blue,
  A pair of mittens of green—
The price was a kiss of my mou,
  And I paid him the debt yestreen.

My mither's ay making a phrase,
  That I'm rather young to be wed;
But lang ere she counted my days,
  O' me she was brought to bed.
Sae mother just settle yere tongue,
  And dinna be flyting sae bauld,
We can weel do the thing when we're young,
  That we canna do weel when we're auld.

Some person informed Burns, that "I lo'e nae a laddie but ane" was written by "Mr. Clunie"—whoever wrote it, wrote a capital song. I have seen it printed with the addition of four new verses, the work seemingly of a very inferior pen, and to which the name of Macneill was added. Macneill, indeed, could bring the lyric ease of language necessary for the attempt, but

he could not bring the peculiar life and naïveté of the original words. The last four lines of the first verse are in the most lucky spirit of true love and innocence, and the argument by which she subdues her mother is unanswerable. I wish I could be sure of the name of the author: though Mr. Clunie is mentioned by Burns, I am not satisfied of his authorship; the poet was no anxious inquirer, and the song is printed in Ritson with the initials "I. D." attached to it.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair.
O wha wad buy a silken gown,
Wi' a poor broken heart?
Or what's to me a siller crown
Gin frae my love I part?

The mind whose meanest wish is pure
Far dearest is to me,
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and die:

For I have vowed a virgin's vow,
My lover's fate to share,
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
And what can man do mair?

His mind and manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift,
And did I wish to seek it back,
It wad be waur than theft.
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me—
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and die.

This is not an old song; yet its sweetness and beauty and popularity have not induced the author to claim it. It made its first appearance about six-and-thirty years ago, and has maintained a place among the national songs, after submitting to a few unimportant emendations. The name of the lover was Donald at first—and so let it remain: but like Sandy in our lowland songs, it personates a people rather than an individual, and all such names should be avoided in either tender or pathetic poetry.

LOGIE OF BUCHAN.

O Logie of Buchan, it's Logie the laird,
He's ta'en awa' Jamie wha delved in the yard,
Wha played on the pipe and the viol sae sma'—
He has ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'!

Keep up yere heart, lassie, though I'm gaun awa'—
O think na lang, lassie, when I'm far awa';
For summer will come when cauld winter's awa',
And I'll come and see you in spite o' them a'!

Though Sandie has horses and houses and land,
And Jamie has nought but his heart and his hand,
Yet his look is my life, and his wish is my law;—
They have ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'!

My daddie looks sadly, my mother looks sour;—
They mock me wi' Jamie, because he is poor:
But true love's too strong for weak duty to awe—
They hae ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'!

I sit in the sunshine and spin on my wheel,
And think on the laddie who loves me sae weel;
And I think till my heart's fit to start into twa—
They hae ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'!

Popular belief assigns this song to Lady Ann Lindsay; and it is every way worthy of the accomplished au-

thoress of "Auld Robin Gray." Many liberties have been taken with the words: there are few songs which have undergone more changes within these forty years. The present version differs from all that precede it; and it seems to me to have increased in sweetness and simplicity. The story of the song is very simple, and is generally felt, because it is true.—Some forty years ago, in the north country, oppressors like "Logie the laird" were not wanting, to dispose of the surplus youth of the district to the army or the plantations; and many moving stories might be told of such acts of tyranny and injustice.

THE HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come:
When the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
O our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.
Such is our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
That, like our ancestors of old, we'll stand in freedom's cause:
We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and applause,
And defy the French, with all their force, to alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace;
No luxurious tables enervate our race;
Our loud-sounding pipe breathes the true martial strain,
And our hearts still the old Scottish valour retain.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
And swift as the roe which the hound doth assail;
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear;
Ev'n Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

As a storm in the ocean, when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their strength fondly boasted till we did advance;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise and our commerce increase,
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind.

Sir Harry Erskine of Torry wrote this song, and the fine air has combined with national vanity to give greater popularity to the words than they seem to merit. There is a good deal of animation and some pedantry—a great

love of country, and a moderate love of truth, and an enthusiasm which carries patriotism into bombast. I wish his praise of our valour had been more modest, and his account of our exploits more discreet. It was printed by David Herd in 1769, and the music was added by General Reid. More natural strains and more accurate praise have succeeded in rendering this far-famed song less a favourite than heretofore.

THE SMILING PLAINS, PROFUSELY GAY.

The smiling plains, profusely gay,
Are drest in all the pride of May;
The birds, on every spray above,
To rapture wake the vocal grove;
But, ah! Miranda, without thee,
Nor spring nor summer smiles on me;
All lonely in the secret shade
I mourn thy absence, charming maid!

O soft as love! as honour fair!
Serenely sweet as vernal air!
Come to my arms; for thou alone
Canst all my absence past atone.
O come! and to my bleeding heart
The sovereign balm of love impart;

Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
And give the year eternal spring.

To William Falconer, author of "The Shipwreck," we owe this song, if we can imagine we have incurred a debt of obligation or praise by such a hasty and imperfect production. It contains nothing either peculiar or national—its love is general, and its description diffuse. I could not refuse place to a brief effusion of an unfortunate son of song; and the pleasure which his fine poem of "The Shipwreck" has given me would have secured insertion to less captivating verse. The new scenes which that pathetic poem opened, and the perfect enchantment which the whole narrative threw over me, were such as I can never forget. The truth and nature of his story—the singular mixture of ancient glory with present sufferings—the labours of the mariners—the augmenting fury of the devouring element, and the final catastrophe, form altogether a tale which one cannot well escape from without reading; and when once read, it possesses and haunts one. In December 1769 he sailed for India in the Aurora frigate, in the 39th year of his age: the ship was never more heard of after leaving the Cape of Good Hope, and the poet perished with her. He was a native of Edinburgh.

HARK YON SWEET BIRD.

Hark yon sweet bird that lonely wails,
His faithful bosom grief assails:
Last night I heard him in a dream,
When death and woe were all the theme.
Like that poor bird, I make my moan—
I grieve for one that's dead and gone:
With him, to gloomy woods I'll fly—
He wails for love, and so do I!

'Twas love that tamed his tender breast—
'Tis grief that robs him of his rest;
He droops his wings and hangs his head,
Since she he fondly loved is dead!
With my love's breath my joy is gone—
With my love's smiles my peace is flown;
Like that poor bird I pine, and prove
Nought can supply the place of love!

He hangs his feathers since that fate
Deprived him of his darling mate;
Dimmed is the brightness of his eye;
His song is now a short sad cry;
No more the hills and woods among
He'll cheer us with his charming song;

His sorrows, hapless bird, display
An image of my soul's dismay!

Dr. Fordyce, the author of this song, perished at sea in the year 1755. It was long known under the name of "The Black Eagle," and the song commenced thus:

"Hark! yonder eagle lonely calls."

But it has been felt, and felt justly, that a ravenous bird of prey formed a strange and unnatural image of the woes of the hero of the song; and the eagle has been displaced by a softer bird, the naming of which is left to the reader's fancy. The Delia of the original song has also been dethroned; but as no Scottish family can be supposed to suffer by the removal, and as the name injures rather than assists the pathos of the story, it can be spared without pain.

THEY SAY THAT JOCK WILL SPEED WEEL O'T.

They say that Jock will speed weel o't,
They say that Jock will speed weel o't;
For he grows brawer ilka day—
I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.
'Twas yesternight, nae farther gane,
The back house at the side-wall o't,
He there wi' Meg was mirding scen—
I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.

An' we had but a bridal o't,
An' we had but a bridal o't,—
We'll leave what follows to gude luck,
Although there should betide ill o't.
O bridal-days are merry times,
And young folks like the coming o't;
The bards lilt up their merry rhymes,
And pipers like the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,
The lasses like a bridal o't;
Their braws maun be in rank and file,
Although that they should guide ill o't.

The bottom of the kist is then
Turn'd up unto the inmost o't;
The end that held the claes sae clean
Is now become the toomest o't.

The barnman at the threshing o't,
The barnman at the threshing o't,
Afore it comes is fidgin fain,
And ilka day is clashing o't.
He'll sell his jerkin for a groat,
His bonnet for anither o't;
And ere he want to clear his shot,
His sark shall pay the tither o't.

When they have done wi' eating o't,
When they have done wi' eating o't,
For dancing they gae to the green,
And aiblins to the beating o't.
He dances best that dances fast,
And loups at ilka reesing o't,
And claps his hands frae hough to hough,
And furls about the feezings o't.

This rough provincial strain was written by Alexander Ross, author of the "Fortunate Shepherdess." It brought no increase to his reputation: the festivities of a rustic bridal had been chanted before him by livelier spirits, and, like other imitators, he has failed in equalling his prototypes. The "Blythesome Bridal" could not be

surpassed in its kind: Ross had little to add, and he could not excel. There is some truth and life in the closing verse. To clap the hands in the dance, in the manner described, is a common feat of rustic activity; but the continual ducking of the head is ungraceful, and the din of the hands more clamorous than agreeable. A battle was formerly, and indeed lately, no uncommon termination to religious as well as festive meetings. A devout lowlander once informed me that in his youth he attended a highland kirk, to which the pastor regularly went with an excellent staff of root-grown oak, to arbitrate between his quarrelsome parishioners, who, after sermon, amused themselves with fighting in the kirk-yard.

O'ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

Coming through the crags o' Kyle,
Amang the bonnie blooming heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her ewes thegither.
O'er the moor amang the heather,
O'er the moor amang the heather;
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her ewes thegither.

Says I, my dear, where is thy hame,
In moor or dale, pray tell me whether?
She says, I tend the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunnie was the weather:
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie blooming heather.

While thus we lay, she sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther;
And aye the burden of the sang
Was, O'er the moor amang the heather.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne
I couldna think on ony other:
By sea and sky, she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass amang the heather!

O'er the moor amang the heather,
Down amang the blooming heather,
By sea and sky, she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass amang the heather!

A singular story is told about the origin of this very beautiful song.—Burns says, "Coming through the Crags o' Kyle" is the composition of Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a whore but a thief, and in one or

other character had visited most of the correction-houses in the west. She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock. I took the song down from her singing, as she was strolling through the country with a slight-of-hand blackguard." There are older, and there are newer verses on this subject, but Jean Glover has surpassed them far in gaiety, and life, and ease. Her song became popular about the year 1790, and is likely to continue a favourite.

FOR THE SAKE OF GOLD.

For the sake of gold she has left me-o;
And of all that's dear she's bereft me-o;
She me forsook for a great duke,
And to endless wo she has left me-o.
A star and garter have more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
For empty titles we must part;
For glittering show she has left me-o.

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love;
Thro' distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeany she has left me-o.

Ye powers above, I to your care
Resign my faithless lovely fair;
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Tho' she has ever left me-o!

To the inconstancy of Miss Jean Drummond, of Megginch, we are indebted for this popular song. It is seldom that woman's fickleness produces so much pleasure. Dr. Austin, a physician in Edinburgh, had wooed and won this young lady, when her charms captivated the Duke of Athol; and the doctor was compelled to console himself with song when his bride became a duchess. One naturally inquires the cause of such inconstancy; and it would appear that her lover was right when he sung,

For the sake of gold she has left me-o.

The noble admirer for whose love she was faithless was a man somewhat advanced in life—a widow had won him before, and borne him a family—and he had only wealth and rank to oppose to youth and to talent. On the death of his grace the duchess married Lord Adam Gordon, and Providence indulged her with a long life, that she might reflect and repent.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

As I gade down the water side,
There I met my shepherd lad,
He rowed me sweetly in his plaid,
An' he ca'd me his dearie.

Will ye gang down the water side
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

Ye shall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf leather shoon to thy white feet;
And in my arms yese lie and sleep,
And ye shall be my dearie.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
Ise gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
And I shall be your dearie.

While water wimples to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,
Ye shall be my dearie.

The song is partly old and partly new; what is old is very old, what is new was written by a gentleman of the name of Pagan. The last verse is very sweet and sincere. To render the song more consistent I have omitted one verse, in which the heroine is made to express her apprehensions of a moonlight walk by the river side, though she had been before on the banks of the same stream, and "rowed sweetly" in her shepherd's plaid. It is a very pleasant pastoral, and was once very popular. Its truth can be felt by all who have led out their flocks to pasture by the green braes, on the heathy hills, and by the running streams. Burns says, "this song is in the true old Scottish taste, yet I do not know that either air or words were ever in print before." It has a border sound; and the line,

Ise gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,

is Annandale or Eskdale, and, I believe, good Yarrow.

TULLOCHGORUM.

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their whigmegmorum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the night with mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',
And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na be sae great a phraize,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna' gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hundred score o 'em.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want, and double cess,
And silly sauls themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest-hearted open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him!

May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul
And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And honest souls abhor him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum!

The Reverend John Skinner wrote this song; and Burns speaks of it with a rapture which I hope was real, for I would rather suppose that his judgment was for once infirm, than imagine him insincere. His words are—and they are exceedingly characteristic—

"Accept in plain dull prose my most sincere thanks for the best poetical compliment I ever received. I assure you, Sir, as a poet, you have conjured up an airy

demon of vanity in my fancy which the best abilities in your other capacity will be ill able to lay. I regret—and while I live shall regret—that when I was north I had not the pleasure of paying a younger brother's dutiful respect to the author of the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw, 'Tullochgorum's my delight.' The world may think slightly of the craft of song-making, if they please; but as Job says, 'O that mine adversary had written a book!' Let them try."

Tullochgorum is indeed a lively clever song, but I would never have edited this collection had I thought with Burns, that it is the best Scotch song Scotland ever saw. I may say with the king in my favourite ballad,

I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred good as he.

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

When I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us ane, wha ance were twain.
A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the melting kiss;
Ev'n years shall ne'er destroy our love,
But only gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish'd it's a' for thee;
I ken thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass so smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze:
Weel pleased they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame:
And ay when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,
And if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drop a tear:
Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain;
United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

The great and merited success of Burns inspired many of the rustics of Scotland with a belief, that as they equalled him in condition and in education, they also equalled him in genius. Volume followed volume, and it was long before the contempt or the neglect of mankind succeeded in silencing their idle strains. Among them came forward John Lapraik, portioner of Dalfram, near Muirkirk, in Ayrshire, the correspondent of Burns, and to whom the youthful poet, ambitious of distinction, had addressed several of his most exquisite poetic epistles. But of all the verses with which Lapraik courted public notice, time has left us nothing, save

the present song. It obtained the early admiration of Burns; and had it wanted such patronage, the poetical compliment which he paid it would have secured it from forgetfulness.

Lapraik, in a moment when he forgot whether he was rich or poor, became security for some persons concerned in a ruinous speculation called the Ayr Bank, and was compelled to sell his little estate on which his name had been sheltered for many centuries. His securities were larger than the produce of his ground covered, and he found his way into the jail of Ayr when he was sixty years old. In this uncomfortable abode, his son told me, he composed this song: it is reconcilable with the account which he gave to Burns, that he made it one day when his wife had been mourning over their misfortunes.

MY GODDESS, WOMAN.

Of mighty Nature's handy-works,
The common or uncommon,
There's nought through a' her limits wide
Can be compared to woman.
The farmer toils, the merchant trokes,
From dawing to the gloamin;
The farmer's cares, the merchant's toils,
Are a' to please thee, woman.

The sailor spreads the daring sail,
Through billows chafed and foaming,
For gems and gold, and jewels rare,
To please thee, lovely woman.
The soldier fights o'er crimson'd fields,
In distant climates roaming;
But lays, wi' pride, his laurels down,
Before thee, conquering woman.

The monarch leaves his golden throne,
With other men in common,
And lays aside his crown, and kneels
A subject to thee, woman.
Though all were mine e'er man possess'd,
Barbarian, Greek, or Roman,
What would earth be, frae east to west,
Without my goddess, woman?

This very clever song has failed to find public favour: the ladies, on whom it lavishes such praise, have treated it with coldness and neglect. It first appeared in Johnson's Musical Museum: the author's name is John Learmont, and he was a gardener at Dalkeith. He was one of those lesser spirits whom the success of Burns called into the world for a little space. He seems to have had some of the right stuff about him for a lyric poet. This song is very happily imagined, but the execution is unequal.

THE WAYWARD WIFE.

Alas! my son, you little know
The sorrows which from wedlock flow:
Farewell sweet hours of mirth and ease,
When you have gotten a wife to please.

Your hopes are high, your wisdom small,
Woe has not had you in its thrall;
The black cow on your foot ne'er trod,
Which makes you sing along the road.

Stay Solway's tide, rule Criffel's wind,
Turn night to day, and cure the blind;
Make apples grow on alder trees,
But never hope a wife to please.

Whate'er you love she'll mock and scorn,
Weep when you sing, sing when you mourn;
Her nimble tongue and fearless hand
Are ensigns of her high command.

When I, like you, was young and free,
I valued not the proudest she;
Like you, my boast was bold and vain,
That men alone were born to reign.

Great Hercules and Sampson too
Were stronger far than I or you,
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the distaff and the shears.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon-balls;
But nought is found, by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand.

This clever song was written by Miss Jenny Grahame of Dumfries, a maiden lady of lively wit, fascinating manners, and in her youth one of the most accomplished dancers in the district. She composed many other verses, but the present song alone escaped from her hand into popularity. In the Orlando Furioso of Sir John Harrington we meet with the proverbial line,

The black oxe has not trod on their toe;

and in the north of England it still continues to be applied in the manner of the song.

THE MILLER.

O merry may the maid be
Who marries wi' the miller,
For foul day or fair day
He's ay bringing till her;
Has ay a penny in his pouch,
Has something het for supper,
Wi' beef and pease, and melting cheese,
An' lumps o' yellow butter.

Behind the door stand bags o' meal,
And in the ark is plenty;
And good hard cakes his mither bakes,
And mony a sweeter dainty.
A good fat sow, a sleeky cow,
Are standing in the byre;
Whilst winking puss, wi' mealy mou,
Is playing round the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
And bids me take the miller;
A miller's wife's a merry wife,
And he's ay bringing till her.
For meal or maut she'll never want
Till wood and water's scanty;
As lang as cocks and cackling hens,
She 'll ay hae eggs in plenty.

In winter time, when wind and sleet
Shake ha-house, barn, and byre,
He sits aside a clean hearth stane,
Before a rousing fire;
O'er foaming ale he tells his tale;
And ay to show he's happy,
He claps his weans, and dawtes his wife
Wi' kisses warm and sappy.

The Miller was written by Sir John Clerk of Penny-cuick, and first made its appearance in Yair's Charmer, in the year 1751. The commencing lines form part of a more ancient song, into the peculiar tact of which the poet has entered with much truth and felicity. The present copy varies from other versions; it has spared a verse from the narrative which the story seemed not to want, and where it departs from the earlier copies it departs for the sake of nature and truth. On the whole, it presents a very pleasing picture of rustic enjoyment.

NO DOMINIES FOR ME, LADDIE.

I chanced to meet an airy blade,
A new-made pulpiteer, laddie,
Wi' cock'd up hat and powder'd wig,
Black coat, and cuffs fu' clear, laddie.
A lang cravat at him did wag,
And buckles at his knee, laddie;
Says he, my heart, by Cupid's dart,
Is captivate to thee, lassie.

I'll rather chuse to thole grim death;
So cease and let me be, laddie:
For what? says he; Good troth, said I,
No dominies for me, laddie.
Ministers' stipends are uncertain rents
For lady's conjunct-fee, laddie;
When books and gowns are a' cried down,
No dominies for me, laddie.

But for your sake I'll fleece the flock,
Grow rich as I grow auld, lassie;
If I be spared I'll be a laird,
And thou's be madam call'd, lassie.
But what if ye should chance to die,
Leave bairnies, ane or twa, laddie?
Naething wad be reserved for them
But hair-moul'd books to gnaw, laddie.

At this he angry was, I wat,
He gloom'd and look'd fu' hie, laddie;
When I perceived this, in haste
I left my dominie, laddie.
Fare ye well, my charming maid;
This lesson learn of me, lassie,
At the next offer hold him fast,
That first makes love to thee, lassie.

Then I returning hame again,
And coming down the town, laddie,
By my good luck I chanced to meet
A gentleman dragoon, laddie;
And he took me by baith the hands,
'Twas help in time of need, laddie:
Fools on ceremonies stand,
At twa words we agreed, laddie.

He led me to his quarter-house,
Where we exchanged a word, laddie:
We had nae use for black gowns there,
We married o'er the sword, laddie.
Martial music's far more fine
Than ony sermon bell, laddie;
Gold, red and blue, is more divine
Than black, the hue of hell, laddie.

Kings, queens, and princes, crave the aid
Of my brave stout dragoon, laddie;

While dominies are much employ'd
'Bout whores and sackcloth gowns, laddie.
Away wi' a' these whining loons!
They look like, Let me be, laddie:
I've more delight in roaring guns—
No dominies for me, laddie.

This song was written by the Reverend Nathaniel Mackay of Crossmichael, in Galloway; and it is alleged that he was himself the slighted dominie whom he has so felicitously ridiculed; for he had paid his addresses, in early life, to a fair but scornful lady, who considered herself far above the rank and pretensions of a "new-made pulpiteer," and finally yielded to the assiduities of an admirer who sported a gaudier livery, and pursued a more attractive and romantic vocation.

THE BONNIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

The bonnie brucket lassie,
She's blue beneath the een;
She was the fairest lassie
That danced on the green.
A lad he loo'd her dearly,
She did his love return;
But he his vows has broken,
And left her for to mourn.

My shape, she says, was handsome,
My face was fair and clean;
But now I'm bonnie brucket,
And blue beneath the een.
My eyes were bright and sparkling,
Before that they turn'd blue;
But now they're dull with weeping,
And a', my love, for you.

My person it was comely,
My shape they said was neat;
But now I am quite changed,
My stays they winna meet.
A' night I sleeped soundly,
My mind was never sad;
But now my rest is broken,
Wi' thinking o' my lad.

O could I live in darkness,
Or hide me in the sea,
Since my love is unfaithful,
And has forsaken me!
No other love I suffer'd
Within my breast to dwell;
In nought I have offended
But loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning,
As by he chanced to pass;

And press'd unto his bosom
The lovely brucket lass.
My dear, he said, cease grieving;
Since that your love's so true,
My bonnie brucket lassie,
I'll faithful prove to you.

James Tytler, the author of this popular song, was a clever and very eccentric character—a printer, a publisher, a poet, a compiler, a projector, a wild democrat, and a maker of balloons. His labours were many and unproductive. He was familiar with all the varieties of evil fortune, and experienced by turns the misery of a poet, a publisher, and a drudge to literary speculators. This person exhibited a sad image of daily dependence for bread on the pen. With leaky shoes, a hat without the crown, neighbourless kneebuckless, clothes ragged and stained with poet's and with printer's ink, and animated by whisky, he has been seen gliding from house to house at the twilight, as much from dread of encountering a creditor, as from shame of his wretchedness. At last he entered deeply into the wild schemes of our revolutionary fanatics, and was obliged to seek refuge in America, where he died in the fifty-eighth year of his age. This song, to which alone of all his works he owes the notice of his name, originated in an ancient lyric of the same title, which is not quite ladies' reading.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

'Twas in that season of the year
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nannie's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nannie rung;
While Roslin castle heard the swain,
And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song:
To Nannie raise the cheerful lay;
O! bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn!

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song:
Then let my raptured notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
O! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine!

This song is attributed to a youth of the name of Richard Hewit, sometime amanuensis and companion to Dr. Blacklock. During the period of the blind poet's residence in Cumberland, Hewit led him about; and, on quitting his service, addressed some verses to his friend, in which he alludes to the narrative ballads and songs with which the country people cheer their firesides, and of which he was himself a faithful rehearser. Of the author I am sorry I can give no further account. The old ballads which he loved to repeat have sunk into oblivion with him, unless some of them had the good fortune to meet the eye of Sir Walter Scott.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
Nae langer drest in silken sheen,
Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, when thou'rt far awa',
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
Nor shrink before the warping wind?
O can that saft and gentlest mien
Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of wae?
And when invading pains befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much-lov'd clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

This very natural and charming song has been welcomed in Scotland as one of its own productions; and indeed in language and feeling it is quite northern. The imitation of the songs of Caledonia is as happy as any of the Bishop of Dromore's English productions. As a compensation to our southern friends for admitting this lyric among those of the north, I shall exclude many Anglo-Scottish productions which for some time have mingled with ours. No English poet has caught up the language and the character of our national songs with such happiness and skill as Percy; and I believe no poet and critic has rendered such essential benefit to the literature of the island. The publication of the Reliques of English Poetry recalled the taste of the country to the simple and the natural, and exposed the poverty of the cold and glittering style which came with other fashions, from abroad.

THE LEA RIG.

Will ye gang o'er the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie-o;
And cuddle there fu' kindly
Wi' me, my kind dearie-o?
At thorny bush, or birken tree,
We'll daff, and never weary-o;
They'll scug ill e'en frae you and me,
My ain kind dearie-o.

Nae herd wi' kent or colly there
Shall ever come to fear ye-o;
But laverocks whistling in the air
Shall woo, like me, their dearie-o.
While ithers herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for warld's gear, my jo,
Upon the lee my pleasure grows
Wi' thee, my kind dearie-o.

At gloamin', if my lane I be,
Oh, but I'm wondrous eerie-o;
And mony a heavy sigh I gie,
When absent frae my dearie-o:
But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,
In ev'ning fair and clearie-o,
Enraptur'd, a' my cares I scorn,
Whan wi' my kind dearie-o.

Whare through the birks the burnie rows,
Aft hae I sat fu' cheerie-o,
Among the bonnie greensward howes,
Wi' thee, my kind dearie-o.
I've courted till I've heard the craw
Of honest Chanticleerie-o,
Yet never miss'd my sleep ava,
Whan wi' my kind dearie-o.

For though the night were ne'er sae dark,
And I were ne'er sae weary-o,
I'd meet thee on the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie-o.
While in this weary warld of wae,
This wilderness sae drearie-o,
What makes me blithe, and keeps me sae?
'Tis thee, my kind dearie-o.

The first two verses of this song were written by the unfortunate Robert Ferguson, a poet of fine genius and irregular life, whose works bear promise of expanding powers, and a more exalted and consistent song. The first time I ever saw his poems, their perusal was accompanied by an anecdote of the author too characteristic not to be true. "He was a strange lad," said my friend, "and as wild as a poet ought to be. One day, in Dumfries, I saw a pale young man in an odd cap and a flannel jacket, staring at the crowds, who were staring at him. Some said he was mad, some said he was winning a wager, and some said he was a poet.—

This last conjecture was right;—it was Robert Ferguson, who, from some idle vaunt, or for some foolish wager, undertook to walk from Edinburgh to Dumfries in that strange dress, and performed his undertaking." The three additional verses are written by Mr. William Reid, bookseller in Glasgow. They are executed much in the feeling and manner of the original song.

WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME.

I am a young bachelor winsome,
A farmer by rank and degree,
And few I see gang out more handsome
To kirk or to market than me.
I've outsight and insight, and credit,
And frae onie eelist I'm free;
I'm weel enough boarded and bedded,—
What ails the lasses at me?

My bughts of good store are na scanty,
My byres are weel stock'd wi' kye;
Of meal in my girnels there's plenty,
And twa or three easements forby.
A horse to ride out when they're weary,
And cock wi' the best they can see;
And then be ca't dautie and deary,—
I wonder what ails them at me.

I've tried them, baith highland and lowland,
Where I a fair bargain could see;
The black and the brown were unwilling,
The fair anes were warst o' the three.
With jooks and wi' scrapes I've addressed them,
Been with them baith modest and free;
But whatever way I caressed them,
They were cross and were canker'd wi' me.

There's wratacks, and cripples, and cranshanks,
And a' the wandoghts that I ken,
Nae sooner they smile on the lasses,
Than they are ta'en far enough ben.
But when I speak to them that's stately,
I find them aye ta'en wi' the gee,
And get the denial fu' flatly;—
What think ye can ail them at me?

I have a gude offer to make them,
If they would but hearken to me;
And that is, I'm willing to take them,
Gin they wad be honest and free.
Let her wha likes best write a billet,
And send the sweet message to me;
By sun and by moon, I'll fulfil it,
Though crooked or crippled she be!

To the poet's challenge a very long and a very dull answer was written, and signed "Jeanie Gradden," which follows the song in many collections. I have

denuded the present lyric of two verses, and still it is long enough. The author, Alexander Ross, had not learned the art of being brief;—he continued to sing while there was any hope of a listener. Burns calls him "Ross, the wild warlock," but there is little witchery in his verse;—it is humble, and homely, and accurate.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to talk o' wark?
Ye jades, fling by your wheel!
Is this a time to think of wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Gie me my cloak! I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.—
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava;
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa.'

Rise up, and mak a clean fire-side,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.

There's twa hens upon the bauk,
Been fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thra their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
It's a' for love of my gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.

O gie me down my bigonets,
My bishop-sattin gown;
And rin an' tell the Baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town:
My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air!
His very foot has music in't
When he comes up the stair:
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by; I hae him safe,
'Till death we'll never part:
But what puts parting in my head,
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw!

Since Colin's well, I'm well content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.

This is one of the finest domestic songs in the language—full of kind thoughts, female joy, and felicitous expressions. What can equal the flutter of delight into which the heroine is thrown by the approach of her husband! The many and the hurried commands which she gives to her maidens to trim the house and prepare the children, her own wish to appear before him in her best attire, with her hose of pearl blue, and the breathless rapture with which she asserts—

His very foot has music in't
When he comes up the stair,

all stamp the verse with nature and truth.

For a while the song had no author's name; at last, it passed for the production of an enthusiastic old woman of the west of Scotland, called Jean Adam, who kept a school and wrote verses, and claimed this song as her own composition. It happened, however, during the period that Mr. Cromek was editing his collection of Scottish Songs, that Dr. Sim discovered among the manuscripts of Mickle, the translator of the Lusiad, an imperfect, altered, and corrected copy of the song, with all the marks of authorship about it. The changes which the poet had made were many and curious, and were conclusive of his claim to the honour of the song: his widow added decisive testimony to this, and said that her husband wrote her a copy—said it was his own, and explained the Scottish words. Mickle, too, was a maker of songs in the manner of our early lyrics, and his genius supports his title to this truly Scottish song. But I have not sought to deprive the old schoolmistress of the honour of the song, without feeling some conscientious qualms. Many lyric poets have taken pleasure in secretly ekeing out the ancient songs of their country; and, after all, Mickle may have done no more for this than improve the language, and new-model the narrative.

MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
That rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low a voice was heard,
Saying, Mary, weep nó more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to ask who there might be;
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale and hollow e'e:—
O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far far from thee I sleep in death,
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days
We toss'd upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I'm at rest,
So, Mary, weep nó more for me.

O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more.
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

This beautiful and pathetic song is all that connects the name of John Lowe with the national poetry of Scotland. It embodies in touching verse the fate of a youth of the name of Miller, who was beloved by Mary Macghie, of Airds in Galloway; and in calling in the aid of romantic superstition, I have heard that it only abides by the story; for by dream or vision her lover's fate was said to have been first revealed to her. I have never seen any more of Lowe's poetry which merits remembrance. Since the first appearance of the song, which was soon after the year 1770, it has received, I know not from what hand, two very judicious amendments.—It originally commenced thus:

Pale Cynthia just had reached the hill,

which was well exchanged for—

The moon had climbed the highest hill.

The fifth and sixth lines, at the same time, by an ex-

cellent emendation, let us at once into the stream of this affecting story.—They once ran thus:

When Mary laid her down to sleep,
And scarcely yet had closed her e'e.

The alteration, it will be observed, engrafts a superstitious influence on the story, and gives it an equal hold on the imagination and the heart. Lowe wrote another song, called "Pompey's Ghost," which Burns inquired after when he was seeking songs for Johnson. The Scottish Muse lent her aid reluctantly to a classic subject, and "Pompey's Ghost" is but a wreath of mist compared to the spirit of Sandie.

MARY'S DREAM.

The lovely moon had climbed the hill,
Where eagles big aboon the Dee;
And like the looks of a lovely dame,
Brought joy to every body's e'e:
A' but sweet Mary, deep in sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandie far at sea;
A voice dropt softly in her ear,
Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!

She lifted up her wondering een
To see from whence the voice might be,
And there she saw young Sandie stand,
A shadowy form, wi' hollow e'e!
O Mary dear, lament nae mair,
I'm in death-thraws below the sea;
Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,
Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

The wind slept when we left the bay,
But soon it waked and raised the main,
And God he bore us down the deep:
Wha strave wi' him but strave in vain?
He stretched his arm, and took me up,
Tho' laith I was to gang but thee;
I look frae heaven aboon the storm,
Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

Tak aff the bride sheets frae thy bed,
Which thou hast faulded down for me:
Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—
I'll meet wi' thee in heaven hie.
Three times the gray cock flapt his wing
To mark the morning lift his e'e,
And thrice the passing spirit said,
Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!

This variation of Lowe's beautiful lyric is copied from Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, where it was accompanied by remarks on its claims

to notice as a Scottish version and variety of the other. It has been described as an attempt to injure the fame of Lowe, as if variations of songs had now for the first time appeared in the language; and it has been also represented as dull and stupid. To seek to injure a poet's fame by publishing a variation of his song, sprinkled with the native dialect of the land, is a charge that might have been made against both Ramsay and Burns: their works abound with such lyrics. And to write a good song down by means of a duller one, reminds me of the clergyman who came to London on purpose to write down Paradise Lost. It is needless to say more: if I abstain from noticing the printed folly of one of the district authors, it is only because I wish not to revive the memory of a work which the world has so willingly and so hastily forgotten. I feel reluctance at waging war with a candidate for a pulpit—besides I have a reverence for gravity and dulness, and a sympathy for those who seem largely endowed by nature with the power of promoting the slumbers of a respectable congregation.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Stra'bogie;
Gin I hae but a bonnie lass,
Ye're welcome to your cogie.
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid day-light:
Gie me a lass baith clean and tight,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel,
John Bull loves country dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangos well;
Mynheer an all'mand prances:
In foursome reels the Scots delight,
At threesomes they dance wond'rous light,
But twasomes ding a' out o' sight,
Danc'd to the reel o' Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners weel,
Wale each a blithesome rogie:
I'll tak this lassie to mysel',
She looks sae keen and vogie:

Now, piper lad, bang up the spring;
The country fashion is the thing,
To pree their mou's ere we begin
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass
Save yon auld doited fogie,
And ta'en a fling upon the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie;
But a' the lasses look sae fain
We canna think oursels to hain,
For they maun hae their come-again
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
Like true men o' Stra'bogie;
We'll stop a while and tak a rest,
And tipple out a cogie.
Come now, my lads, and tak your glass,
And try ilk other to surpass
In wishing health to ev'ry lass,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Cauld Kale in Aberdeen has been a standing dish for the bards of that district for many years: but though numerous verses have been poured forth in its honour, none of them are excellent. Fame imputes the present song to the Duke of Gordon; and if fame is right, his grace has been free and condescending in his enjoyments: he dances on the green with much animation, and salutes

his rustic partner with a gallantry worthy of the house of Gordon. Of the other songs, ancient and modern, few quotations will serve:—

There's cauld kale in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Stra'bogie,
Where ilka lad maun hae his lass,
But I maun hae my cogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, lass,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gie my three-girred cog
For a' the queans in Bogie.

This Aberdeenshire toper goes on to complain of a neighbour's wife, whose numerous children somewhat scrimped her husband in his cups, while she gave him other intelligible admonitions:

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's,
And what they maist did laugh at,
She brake the bicker, spilt the drink,
And tightly gowffed his haffet.

STREPHON AND LYDIA.

All lonely on the sultry beach
  Expiring Strephon lay,
No hand the cordial draught to reach,
  Nor cheer the gloomy way.
Ill-fated youth! no parent nigh
  To catch thy fleeting breath,
No bride to fix thy swimming eye,
  Or smooth the face of death!

Far distant from the mournful scene
  Thy parents sit at ease,
Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
  And all the spring, to please.
Ill fated youth! by fault of friend,
  Not force of foe, depress'd,
Thou fall'st, alas! thyself, thy kind,
  Thy country, unredress'd!

The author of this touching song was William Wallace, Esq., of Cairnhill, county of Ayr: and I am sorry he has left only this very brief proof of very fine lyric powers. He has erred with others in the use of unnatural names—Strephon and Lydia give the air of fiction to a very true and mournful story. The hero and heroine were perhaps the loveliest couple of their time.

The gentleman was commonly known by the name of Beau Gibson. The lady was the "Gentle Jean," celebrated in Mr. Hamilton of Bangour's poems. Having frequently met at public places, they had formed a reciprocal attachment, which their friends thought dangerous, as their resources were by no means adequate to their tastes and habits of life. To elude the bad consequences of such a connexion, Strephon was sent abroad with a commission, and perished in Admiral Vernon's expedition to Carthagena, in the year 1740.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel:
Meikle luck attend the boats,
The murlain, and the creel.
Weel may the boatie row,
And better may it speed;
Weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns' bread.

I coost my line in Largo bay,
And fishes I catch'd nine;
'Twas three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
Who wishes her to speed.

O weel may the boatie row
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our porritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel!
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the lade
When love bears up the creel.

My kurch I put upon my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw,
I trow my heart was douf an' wae
When Jamie gaed awa':
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;

And lightsome be the lassie's care
That yields an honest heart.

When Sawney, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up, and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain and the creel.

Burns says the author of this song "was a Mr. Ewan of Aberdeen." It is a charming display of womanly affection, mingling with the common concerns and daily avocations of humble life. We have very few of these maritime lyrics, and what we have are not excellent. The Scottish poets seem averse to go down to the sea in ships, and view the wonders of the Lord on the deep. The varied fortunes of a mariner or a fisherman—his obedience to the tide—his knowledge of wild shores—of the productions of the sea, and his laborious occupation, are all poetic. Several curious communities of fishermen belong to the Scottish coast.

RED GLEAMS THE SUN.

Red gleams the sun on yon hill tap,
The dew sits on the gowan;
Deep murmurs thro' her glens the Spey,
Around Kinrara rowan.
Where art thou, fairest, kindest lass?
Alas! wert thou but near me,
Thy gentle soul, thy melting e'e
Would ever, ever cheer me.

The laverock sings among the clouds,
The lambs they sport so cheerie,
And I sit weeping by the birk;
O where art thou, my dearie!
Aft may I meet the morning dew,
Lang greet till I be weary;
Thou canna, winna, gentle maid!
Thou canna be my dearie.

This sweet short song was written by Dr. Robert Couper, and published about the year 1790. The name which the author gave it was "Kinrara;" and Kinrara was the summer residence of the late Duchess of Gordon, to whom he dedicated two volumes of verse.

THE DARIEN SONG.

We will go, maidens, go
To the lonesome woods and mourn
Where the primroses blow,
Till our gallant lads return:
Till from Darien's sunny land
We shall welcome back again
That young and goodly companie
That ventured o'er the main.

We will go, lady, go
To the lonesome wood wi' thee;
Though chill the winds should blow,
While those weary days we dree.
Our lovers' banners proudly waved
As they sailed o'er the faem—
Alas! when will that sweet wind blow
Will waft our gallants hame?

O there were white hands waved,
And many a parting hail
As their vessel stemmed the tide,
And stretched the snowy sail:
With many a sigh and bitter tear,
And many a parting sign,
Away they went to spread our fame
Along the boundless brine.

You may go, maidens, go
Your weary days to dree,
But I shall never see you more
Come laughing o'er the lea:
With watching will your eyes be dim,
And meikle will you mourn,
For never will the lads you love
From Darien's shore return.

"On the 26th of July, 1698, the whole city of Edinburgh poured down upon Leith, to see the colony depart amid the tears and prayers of relations and friends, and of their countrymen. Neighbouring nations, with a mixture of surprise and respect, saw the poorest kingdom of Europe sending forth the most gallant and most numerous colony that had ever gone from the Old to the New World."—Sir J. Dalrymple's Remains. The sordid policy of foreign powers, and the treachery of King William, united to ruin the famous Scottish colony of Darien. For nearly half a century, the cruel extinction of this young colony, and the infamous murder of the people of Glenco, were considered, in Scotland, as national grievances, of which the house of Stuart long held out the hope of redress or revenge. This beautiful song expresses very meekly the fears and feelings of the nation.

LOCH-ERROCH SIDE.

As I came by Loch-Erroch side,
The lofty hills surveying,
The water clear, the heather blooms
Their fragrance sweet conveying,
I met unsought my lovely maid,
I found her like May morning,
With graces sweet, and charms so rare,
Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,
While in my arms I press'd her!
And she her wishes scarce conceal'd
As fondly I caress'd her.
She said, If that your heart be true,
If constantly you'll love me,
I heed not care nor fortune's frowns,
For nought but death shall move me:

But faithful, loving, true, and kind
For ever you shall find me;
And of our meeting here so sweet,
Loch-Erroch sweet shall mind me.
Enraptur'd then, My lovely lass,
I cried, no more we'll tarry;
We'll leave the fair Loch-Erroch side,
For lovers soon should marry.

This song is supposed to be the composition of James Tytler, author of "The Bonnie Brucket Lassie." It is copied from Johnson's Musical Museum, where it stands side by side with a song on the same subject by Burns. It wants the original merit of Tytler's other fine song; but original merit is a matter of great rarity, and most of our modern songs only re-echo, in softer language and smoother numbers, the lively and graphic strains of our ancestors. In truth, many of our latter lyrics are made from the impulse of other songs, rather than from the native feelings of the heart—and lyric love and heroism are felt through the medium of verse, when they should come warm and animated from the bosom.

THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

The oldest English song yet published is in praise of the Cuckoo—it is very natural and very curious and very authentic:—

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing Cuccu;
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springeth the wode nu;
Awe bleteth after lamb,
Lows after calue cu,
Bullue stertes, bucke vertes,
Murie sing Cuccu.

Ritson imagines it at least as old as 1250, while Sir John Hawkins attributes it to the middle of the fifteenth century. The present song is the composition of the Rev. John Logan, and would do honour to any poet.

ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

The day is departed, and round from the cloud
The moon in her beauty appears;
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
The music of love in our ears.
Maria, appear! now the season so sweet
With the beat of the heart is in tune;
The time is so tender for lovers to meet
Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel:
I sigh—can a lover do more?
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
Maria, my love! do you long for the grove?
Do you sigh for an interview soon?
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear
My bosom is all in a glow;
Your voice, when it vibrates so sweet through mine ear,
My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
Ye powers of the sky, will your bounty divine
Indulge a fond lover his boon?
Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
Alone by the light of the moon?

This very sweet and elegant song is the composition of the Rev. John Logan. The association of his love with the sweetness of the season, the voice of the nightingale, and the light of the moon, is very beautiful. The nocturnal interview, to which the heroine is invited, has had charms for the sons and daughters of men in all ages.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream,
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow!

He promis'd me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promis'd me a little page,
To squire me to his father's towers:
He promis'd me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas! his watery grave, in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met,
My passion I as freely told him;
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow!
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother:
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid,
Alas! thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

The old verses of Yarrow Braes seem to have been known to Logan when he wrote this song. Though his song is very touching and tender, it fails in present-

ing us with those striking natural images of female distress which affect us in the old and ruder strain. The story might be truth to the ancient bard, but it was fiction to Logan; and we cannot help feeling the difference.

ROY's WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch ?
She vowed, she swore she wad be mine,
Said that she lo'ed me best of ony ;
But, oh ! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnie.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch ?
She was a kind and cantie queen,
Weel could she dance the highland walloch ;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch !

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !

Wat ye how she cheated me
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch?
Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou sae sweet and bonnie!
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnie.

Mr. Cromek, an anxious inquirer into all matters illustrative of northern song, ascribes Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch to Mrs. Murray of Bath; while George Thomson, and all other editors of Scottish song, impute it to Mrs. Grant of Carron. I am not aware that the authorship has been settled—and I am sorry for it; because whoever wrote it has favoured us with a very sprightly and pleasant production. The closing description of this highland enchantress is truly luscious and provoking. The hero is quite a model for all forsaken swains: he admires the person of his mistress, admits her witchery in the dance, and reminds her in the gentlest manner how she had vowed herself to him before she took honest Roy of Aldivalloch. This is much better than if he had gone "daunering about the dykes" and sung songs, long and dolorous, of woman's inconstancy.

HER ABSENCE WILL NOT ALTER ME.

Though distant far from Jessy's charms,
I stretch in vain my longing arms;
Though parted by the deeps of sea,
Her absence shall not alter me.
Though beauteous nymphs I see around,
A Chloris, Flora, might be found,
Or Phillis with her roving e'e;
Her absence shall not alter me.

A fairer face, a sweeter smile,
Inconstant lovers may beguile;
But to my lass I'll constant be,
Nor shall her absence alter me.
Though laid on India's burning coast,
Or on the wide Atlantic tost,
My mind from love no power could free,
Nor could her absence alter me.

See how the flow'r that courts the sun
Pursues him till his race is run;
See how the needle seeks the pole,
Nor distance can its power control:
Shall lifeless flow'rs the sun pursue,
The needle to the pole prove true—
Like them shall I not faithful be,
Or shall her absence alter me?

Ask, who has seen the turtle-dove
Unfaithful to its marrow prove?
Or who the bleating ewe has seen
Desert her lambkin on the green?
Shall beasts and birds, inferior far
To us, display their love and care?
Shall they in union sweet agree,
And shall her absence alter me?

For conq'ring love is strong as death,
Like veh'ment flames his pow'rful breath;
Through floods unmov'd his course he keeps,
Ev'n through the sea's devouring deeps.
His veh'ment flames my bosom burn,
Unchang'd they blaze till I return;
My faithful Jessy then shall see
Her absence has not alter'd me.

This is a favourite song with our Scottish mariners; and their affection is very natural. The hero indeed speculates upon the inconstancy of a sailor's affection: he imagines woman to be all truth, and a mariner to be all levity. He has no suspicion that while he "is on India's burning coast" his love may forsake him; and he labours to assure the world that he is unchangeable and immutable.

THE MINSTREL.

Keen blaws the wind o'er Donocht-head,
The snaw drives snelly through the dale,
The Gaberlunyie tirls my sneck,
An shiv'ring tells his waefu' tale:

Cauld is the night, O let me in,
And dinna let your minstrel fa';
And dinna let his winding sheet
Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety simmers hae I seen,
And pip'd whar gorcocks whirring flew;
And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,
To lilts that frae my drone I blew.

My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cried,
Get up, gudeman, and let him in,
For weel ye ken the winter night
Seem'd short when he began his din.

My Eppie's voice, O wow it's sweet!
E'en though she banns and scolds a wee;
But when it's tun'd to pity's tale,
O, haith it's doubly dear to me!

Come ben, auld carle, I'll rouse my fire,
And make it bleeze a bonnie flame;
Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate;
Ye shoudna stray sae far frae hame.

Nae hame hae I, the minstrel said,
Sad party strife o'erturn'd my ha',
And, weeping, at the eve o' life,
I wander through a wreath o' snaw.

This very touching and original song was written by Thomas Pickering of Newcastle, in 1794. The lives of poets are only so many stories of genius depressed and unrewarded, of sorrow and misfortune. Life has been usually the bitterest, and the world the rudest, to those whose song was sweetest. Of Pickering I have heard much more than I am willing to repeat: his follies were only injurious to himself; and death was a welcome boon. His song of Donochthead surpasses all his other compositions; it attracted the notice and obtained the admiration of Burns, and will probably long continue to please. It speaks of civil discord, and probably alludes to the brief and bloody struggle which took place in behalf of the exiled house of Stuart.

WHO'S AT MY WINDOW.

O, who's at my window, now, now?
Who whispers so softly, who, who?
I'm sleepy, I'm wearie,
And, worse, I am eerie,
And my mother is watching below, below,
And my mother is watching below.

O go from my window, go, go;
O go from my window, love, do:
Who loves me in the night
Will love me in the light;
So come in the sunshine, and woo, and woo,
So come in the sunshine and woo.

Gin ye be a true love of mine,
O wave thy white hand for a sign;
Wi' the sleet in my hair,
I've come ten miles and mair
For a word of that sweet tongue o' thine, o' thine,
And a glance o' thy dark eye divine.

Know ye what a lover maun dree?
O come to thy window and see:
Thou rain, in thy dashing,
Thou fire, in thy flashing,
Thou wind, shaking turret and tree, and tree—
O speak to my fair one for me!

O come to my chamber, love, do;
The way all with rushes I'll strew—
A kind heart shall warm thee,
A sweet tongue shall charm thee;
O come to my chamber, love, now, love, now,
O come to my chamber, love, do!

No one, I hope, will suppose that this song is written to supply the place of the old lyric with the same name which Wedderburn sought to supplant. Innumerable verses of this measure are scattered over the south of Scotland; but few of them are worth collecting for their poetry.

There's mirth in the barn and the ha', the ha',
There's mirth in the barn and the ha':
There's quaffing and laughing,
And dancing and daffing;
And our young bride's daftest of a', of a',
And our young bride's daftest of a'.

These lines have no antique sound—but they contain a lively image of bridal festivity and freedom.

LANGSYNE.

When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
  Had trode on thirty years,
I sought my lang lost hame again,
  Wi' mony hopes and fears.
Wha kens, if the dear friends I left
  Will ay continue mine?
Or, if I e'er again shall see
  The friends I left langsyne?

As I came by my father's tow'rs,
  My heart lap a' the way;
Ilk thing I saw put me in mind
  O' some dear former day:
The days that follow'd me afar,
  Those happy days o' mine,
Which gars me think the joys at hand
  Are naething to langsyne.

These ivy'd towers now met my e'e,
  Where minstrels us'd to blaw;
Nae friend came forth wi' open arms—
  Nae weel kenn'd face I saw;
Till Donald totter'd frae the door,
  Whom I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad come back
  He bore about langsyne.

I ran thro' every weel kenn'd room,
In hopes to meet friends there;
I saw where ilk ane us'd to sit,
And hang o'er ilka chair:
Till warm remembrance' gushing tear
Did dim these een o' mine;
I steek'd the door and sobb'd aloud
As I thought on langsyne.

Of all the "Langsynes" which have appeared since the famous "Langsyne" of Burns, this seems by far the most beautiful. I have ventured, however, to cut away the concluding verse, which weakened the impression of the overpowering image presented in the fourth. I am sorry I cannot name the author.

TIBBIE RODAN.

The gallant lads of Gallowa,
The lads frae far Corehead to Hoddom,
The merry lads of green Nithsdale,
Are a' come wooing Tibbie Rodan.
Tweedshaw's tarry nieves are here;
The braksha lairds of Moffatt water,
The blithesome Bells, the Irvings good,
Are come to count her gear and daut her.

I mind her weel in plaiden gown,
Before she heir'd her uncle's coffer;
The gleds might howk'd out her gray een,
And ne'er a lad hae shored them off her.
Now she's got a bawsant nag,
Graithing sewed with gowd and siller;
Silken sonks to haud her doup,
And half the country's trysting till her.

I wadna gie twa rosie lips,
With breath like mixed milk and honey,
Which i' the gloaming dew I kiss'd,
For Tibbie, wi' a mine o' money.
I wadna gie the haffet locks,
With scented dew all richly drappin,
Which lay yestreen upon my breast,
For Tibbie, wi' her lady-happin.

Of this scion from the universal favourite, Tibbie Fowler, some of the slips may be worth preserving:

Sour plums are gude wi' sugar baked—
Slaes are sweet wi' kames o' hinnie;
The bowltest carlin i' the land,
Gowd can make her straught an' bonnie.

A ruder and earlier copy was printed in Cromek's volume, and many variations might be given, but they would be more curious than excellent.

MY DEAR LITTLE LASSIE.

My dear little lassie, why, what's a' the matter?
My heart it gangs pittypat, winna lie still;
I've waited, and waited, an' a' to grow better,
Yet, lassie, believe me, I'm aye growing ill:
My head's turn'd quite dizzy, an' aft when I'm speaking
I sigh, an' am breathless, an' fearfu' to speak;
I gaze aye for something I fain wad be seeking,
Yet, lassie, I kenna weel what I wad seek.

Thy praise, bonnie lassie, I ever could hear of,
And yet when to ruse ye the neebour lads try,
Tho' its a' true they tell ye, yet never sae far off
I could see 'em ilk ane, an' I canna tell why.
Whan we tedded the hayfield, I raked ilka rig o't,
And never grew wearie the lang simmer day;
The rucks that ye wrought at were easiest biggit,
And I fand sweeter scented aroun' ye the hay.

In har'st, whan the kirn-supper joys mak' us cheerie,
'Mang the lave of the lasses I pried yere sweet mou;
Dear save us! how queer I felt whan I cam' near ye,
My breast thrill'd in rapture, I couldna tell how.
Whan we dance at the gloamin it's you I aye pitch on,
And gin ye gang by me how dowie I be;
There's something, dear lassie, about ye bewitching,
That tells me my happiness centres in thee.

I copied this happy and delicate song from a manuscript belonging to my friend Dr. Darling. It is sung to the tune of Bonnie Dundee.

THE FISHER'S WELCOME

We twa hae fish'd the Kale sae clear,
An' streams o' mossy Reed,
We've tried the Wansbeck an' the Wear,
The Teviot an' the Tweed;
An' we will try them ance again
When summer suns are fine,
An' we'll thraw the flie thegither yet
For the days o' lang syne.

'Tis mony years sin' first we met
On Coquet's bonny braes,
An' mony a brither fisher's gane,
An' clad in his last claes;
An' we maun follow wi' the lave,
Grim Death he heuks us a',
But we'll hae anither fishing bout
Afore we're ta'en awa'.

For we are hale an' hearty baith,
Tho' frosty are our pows,

We still can guide our fishing graith,
An' climb the dykes and knowes;
We'll mount our creels an' grip our gads,
An' thraw a sweeping line;
An' we'll hae a plash amang the lads,
For the days o' lang syne.

Tho' Cheviot's top be frosty still,
He's green below the knee,
Sae don your plaid an' tak your gad,
An' gang awa' wi' me.
Come busk your flies, my auld compeer,
We're fidgin' a' fu' fain,
We've fish'd the Coquet mony a year,
An' we'll fish her owre again.

An' hameward when we toddle back,
An' night begins to fa',
When ilka chiel maun tell his crack,
We'll crack aboon them a':—
When jugs are toom'd an' coggies wet,
I'll lay my loof in thine,
We've shown we're good at water yet,
An' we're little warse at wine.

We'll crack how mony a creel we've fill'd,
How mony a line we've flung,
How many a ged an' sawmon kill'd
In days when we were young.

We'll gar the callants a' look blue,
An' sing anither tune;
They're bleezing aye o' what they'll do—
We'll tell them what we've dune.

This clever song is the work of an Englishman; and had it come from a Caledonian bard, the costume of language, and the spirit of the "North Countrie," could not have been more perfect. It is one of the annual Fisher's Garlands which Newcastle sends out to the world, and to which the graver of Bewick adds such charms of truth and nature as seldom accompany lyric poetry. In reading the song—a trout stream, slightly swelled by an upland shower, gushes out upon one's fancy—a rod comes into our hand—we cast a careful line upon the rippling water—we watch the well-dissembled flies, and our patience is rewarded by casting "A trout bedropped with crimson hail," upon the grassy bank. Burns, who went to angle in the Nith with a huge fur cap on, and a highland broadsword by his side, knew little of the art compared to my excellent friend of Newcastle.

THE BLUE BIRD.

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields reappearing,
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering;
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glow the maples so fresh and so pleasing;
O then comes the blue-bird, the herald of spring,
And hails, with his warblings, the charms of the season.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring,
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spice-wood and sassafras budding together:
O then to your gardens ye housewives repair,
Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure;
The blue bird will chant from his box such an air
That all your hard toils will be gladness and pleasure.

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red flowering peach and the apple's sweet blossoms;
He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms:
He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,
The worms from their beds where they riot and welter;
His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is in summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
Now searching the furrows, now mounting to cheer him;
The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him.
The slow-lingering schoolboys forget they'll be chid,
While gazing intent as he warbles before them,
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters, so silent and sallow,
And millions of warblers that charm'd us before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow;
The blue-bird forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers and looks for a milder to-morrow,
Till, forced by the terrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,
The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heaven,
Or love's native music, have influence to charm,
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings is given—
Still dear to each bosom the blue-bird shall be:
His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure;
For through bleakest storms if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure.

I confess I admire the gossiping ballad verse of Alexander Wilson much more than I do his purer and more ambitious strains. The description of the blue-

bird is very graphic, and the picture of American nature is very accurate, but his Caledonian scenes of riotous enjoyment are far superior. A man who reads "Watty and Meg" cannot miss to hear the mirth of the change-house, and the clamour of Meg's uncontrollable tongue, for a full week after. Wilson has scattered much curious and instructive lore over the pages of his "American Ornithology," a scarce, a beautiful, and an unfinished work, of which I lament my inability to obtain a copy; and I have cause to lament, for I understand its pages are studded with songs of a very sweet and peculiar kind.

JOHN OF BADENYON.

When first I came to be a man
  Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
  And fain the world would know:
In best attire I stept abroad,
  With spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there, and everywhere,
  Was like a morn in May;
No care had I, no fear of want,
  But rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have pass'd
  In country or in town:

I still was pleased where'er I went,
And when I was alone
I tuned my pipe, and pleased myself
Wi' John of Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime
A mistress I must find;
For love, I heard, gave one an air,
And even improved the mind:
On Phillis fair, above the rest,
Kind fortune fix'd mine eyes;
Her piercing beauty touch'd my heart,
And she became my choice.
To Cupid now, with hearty prayer,
I offer'd many a vow,
And danced and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
As other lovers do;
But when at last I breathed my flame,
I found her cold as stone—
I left the jilt, and tuned my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguiled
With foolish hopes and vain,
To friendship's port I steer'd my course,
And laugh'd at lovers' pain.
A friend I got by lucky chance,
'Twas something like divine;
An honest friend's a precious gift,
And such a gift was mine.

And now, whatever might betide,
A happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom
I freely might apply:
A strait soon came—my friend I tried—
He heard and spurn'd my moan;
I hied me home, and tuned my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

Methought I should be wiser next,
And would a patriot turn,
Began to doat on Johnie Wilkes,
And cry up parson Horne;
Their manly spirit I admired,
And praised their noble zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen
Maintained the public weal.
But ere a month or two had pass'd,
I found myself betray'd;
'Twas self and party after all,
For all the stir they made.
At last I saw the factious knaves
Insult the very throne;
I cursed them all, and tuned my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

What next to do I mused a while,
Still hoping to succeed,
I pitch'd on books for company,
And gravely tried to read;

I bought and borrow'd every where,
And studied night and day,
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote,
That happen'd in my way:
Philosophy I now esteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully, through many a page,
I hunted after truth:
A thousand various schemes I tried,
And yet was pleased with none;
I threw them by, and tuned my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

And now ye youngsters everywhere,
Who wish to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor fondly hope
For happiness below;
What you may fancy pleasure here
Is but an empty name,
And dames, and friends, and books also,
You'll find them all the same:
Then be advised, and warning take
From such a man as me,
I'm neither pope nor cardinal,
Nor one of high degree;
You'll meet displeasure everywhere—
Then do as I have done,
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourselves
With John of Badenyon.

There is something of the sermon in this clever song: the author puts his hero through a regular course of worldly pursuits, and withdraws him from love, friendship, politics, and philosophy, with the resolution of seeking and finding consolation in his own bosom. When the song was composed, John Wilkes was in the full career of his short-lived popularity; and honest Skinner, incensed, probably, at the repeated insults which the demagogue offered to Scotland, remembered him in song. The satire of Churchill, and the wit of Wilkes, united for a time against my native country; and while the people were agitated and inflamed, it was no safe thing for a man even to shout "Wilkes and Liberty" with a Scottish accent in the streets of London.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

Up amang yon cliffy rocks
Sweetly rings the rising echo,
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.
Hark! she sings, Young Sandy's kind,
An' he's promised ay to lo'e me;
Here's a brooch I ne'er shall tine
Till he's fairly married to me:
Drive away ye drone Time,
An' bring about our bridal day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
  Aften does he blaw the whistle,
In a strain sae saftly sweet,
Lammies list'ning daurna bleat.
  He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
    Hardy as the highland heather,
  Wading through the winter snow,
    Keeping aye his flock together;
But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
He braves the bleakest norlan blast.

Brawly he can dance and sing
  Canty glee or highland cronach;
Nane can ever match his fling,
At a reel, or round a ring;
  Wightly can he wield a rung,
    In a brawl he's ay the bangster:
  A' his praise can ne'er be sung
    By the langest-winded sangster.
Sangs that sing o' Sandy
Come short, though they were e'er sae lang.

This pleasing song was written by Mr. Robert Dudgeon, a farmer, near Dunse in Berwickshire. The air is very popular, and the song very pretty. He is not the only one of his name and family whom the lyric Muse has honoured with her visits.

BESS THE GAWKIE.

Blithe young Bess to Jean did say,
Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
And sport a while wi' Jamie?
Ah, na, lass! I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak a care,
Nor about Jamie tak a care,
For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see young Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle blitheness in his face,
Out owre the muir to Maggie:
I wat he ga'e her monie a kiss,
And Maggie took them ne'er amiss;
'Tween ilka smack pleased her wi' this,
That Bess was but a gawkie—

For when a civil kiss I seek,
She turns her head and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour she'll hardly speak:
Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie?
But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
She'll gie a score without offence;
Now gie me ane into the mense,
And ye shall be my dawtie.

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